The Nation.

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The Week.

Among President Roosevelt's new appointments for the Cabinet, that of Mr. Cortelyou for the Treasury will probably excite the most interest. In that important post Mr. Cortelyou will necessarily be an experiment. That he possesses high executive ability, has been demonstrated in the other Cabinet offices which he has held. Whether he is fitted to grapple with the large questions of fiscal policy or expedient, which confront the head of the Treasury now and will probably be still more urgent and vexatious in the next three years, is another matter. Of financial training, in the sense in which the term is used among business men, he has had none. This lack of experience is not a fatal defect; Gallatin, for example, was one of our ablest ministers of finance. We cannot help feeling regret, however, that, at a time when the question of currency reform is coming to a crisis, and when the relations between the Treasury and the market have been complicated by Secretary Shaw's overstepping of the letter of the law, the new incumbent should not be a man whose experience and matured financial opinions would in themselves command unquestioned respect. As for the other appointments, that of Oscar S. Straus, as head of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is easily the best. Mr. Straus made an admirable Minister to Turkey; through his connection with the Civic Federation he has been brought into contact with labor leaders and labor questions. Of his broad view of commercial questions, there can be no doubt. Moreover, he can be relied upon to deal with immigration questions in a sympathetic spirit. But the best thing is that his appointment places in the Cabinet one of the foremost advocates of peace and arbitration in this or any country. George von L. Meyer will make a diligent Postmaster-General; but it is chiefly to his wealth and social alliances that he owes political prominence. The navy may suffer from the transfer of Mr. Bonaparte, an excellent secretary, to the Attorney-Generalship. Mr. Metcalf served on the Naval Committee of the House, but has otherwise no special qualifications as successor to Mr. Bonaparte.

The proposal to lend Government money on security of cotton—gravely set forth in a speech to the Bankers' Convention at St. Louis—we are inclined to regard as one of the first-fruits of Secretary Shaw's recent policy. A few weeks ago the New York bankers wanted to import gold from London. The rate of exchange being then not quite low enough, if they paid interest on the money involved, to make the operation profitable, the bankers appealed to Mr. Shaw to lend them Government money for nothing. He promptly did so. There was no pretence that the Treasury was in any way benefited by the importation; there was no assertion even that the Government was restoring to circulation money withdrawn by its surplus revenue; for, by the terms of Mr. Shaw's arrangement, the loan of public money was to be repaid at once when the gold arrived. Now comes Charles J. Haden of Atlanta, with his plea to the bankers for loans of Government funds to move the cotton crop. "Why," Mr. Haden asks, "should we not call upon the Government for aid, as do the gambling-stricken banks when pressed by frenzied speculation?" In our own old-fashioned opinions about the use of public moneys, we can discover a dozen reasons why such a call should meet with refusal, the chief reason being that the placing of Government funds at the service of private business enterprises is demoralizing to all parties concerned. But Secretary Shaw is certainly estopped from using that argument.

The conviction of the Standard Oil Company, in an Ohio court, for conspiracy, is virtually a triumph for President Roosevelt, since the United States Attorney-General collected most of the evidence. The Anti-Trust law of Ohio makes every day of continuation in an illegal Trust a separate offence, with a possible fine of $5,000. Such a penalty rigorously imposed would go far to restore the pretty well shattered hope that the fine is an effectual deterrent to corporate offenders. But the effect of such a verdict cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It represents the triumph of the law over the most dangerous and cynical of industrial corporations. We retain our belief that there is very limited help for present evils in mulcting those fictitious and fabulously wealthy personalities we call Trusts. We note that Jack the Giant Killer struck not at the pockets, but at the necks, of his foes. When we see a few high managers of criminal corporations wearing prison garb we shall be within hailing distance of real reform. We may at least rejoice heartily at the good beginning the law has made with the Standard Oil Company. If it is not difficult to fine its legal entity, there is probably some way also of getting at the real conspirators behind the charter.

"It is not possible to defend a rebate case in the present state of popular opinion." Thus the counsel of the New York Central, at the conclusion of the trial in which the railway was convicted of giving rebates to the Sugar Trust. Plainly, no defence was possible in that case. The offence was too flagrant; the proof too conclusive. The Central deliberately violated the law in the devil-may-care spirit of the sandbagger. Yet railroad officials wonder that there is a strong prejudice against their companies, and that Government ownership plans enlist the support not only of demagogues, but of sober men. We regard the conviction of the Central as one of the most important judicial events in years. It will call a halt on dishonest railroad managers the country over. Naturally, Mr. Hearst was quick to make use of the verdict in his campaign. He modestly appeared on the platform at Plattsburgh and read the dispatch announcing "his" victory. He was entitled to do so, for the Attorney-General has testified that his information and proof came from Mr. Hearst's lawyers. This public service must be written down to Mr. Hearst's credit. The incident shows plainly enough why it is that the cries of the agitator and promises of the demagogue no longer pass as unnoticed as the daily noise of the streets.

At the meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, Professor West of Princeton spoke on "The Tutorial System," which was introduced a year ago in his college. He stated that at first the students regarded the plan with amusement and curiosity, and were rather shy of their new instructors, but that they have since learned to appreciate the advantages of supervision and direction in their work. They are pleased with the arrangement, which "is now becoming a part of the college tradition." During the year the library has been consulted as never before. There has also been improvement in discipline. Professor West's allusion to the previous state of things might give an impression that there has been a change from comparative barbarism to civilization: "No longer are there roving bands of students on the campus in the evening, but quiet reigns, and lights are seen in study windows." Anything which could have this effect in so short a time is amazingly beneficial. The mere introduction into Princeton of fifty young university graduates, most of whom have won distinction in some particular branch of learning, has been a stimulus to both professors and students. But as President Hadley of Yale, who

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likes the plan, pointed out not long ago, it is undeniably expensive. The endowment required is $2,500,000—a large sum to invest in any academic experiment.

Five hundred English teachers, divided into small squads, will begin an invasion of this country next month. They represent all grades, from the kindergarten to the university. This enterprise, like previous ones of the same kind, is engineered by Sir Alfred Mosely. His object is to familiarize English educators with systems which he regards as superior to their own. "The American boy," he has said more than once, "is far better fitted for the battle with the world than is the English youth when he leaves school." Sir Alfred Mosely adds the further explanation that "with Americans education is mostly along practical lines; with the English it is along the classical." Indubitably our educators have been less bound by tradition; they have more freely tried experiments, and naturally with studies that may be immediately useful in business or the trades. Without denying that these commercial courses are of some value, we may doubt whether they always supply a mental discipline equal to that of the classics which they replace. If stimulating the mind rather than directly imparting knowledge be the aim of education, the "practical" studies, with their appeal to the stomach, may easily be overdone. Our English visitors will, we trust, remember that in the eighteenth century and the first two-thirds of the nineteenth, Americans, even under the handicap of the studies which Sir Alfred Mosely distrusts, still managed to get on fairly well. The English observers may also discover that with such opportunities for material success as America offers, boys who are trained in the old classical curriculum, or according to the latest plan of our new schools of commerce, or who have escaped pretty much all formal teaching, still win their victories in the battle of life.

Dr. Pierre Janet of Paris, who is now lecturing to the Harvard medical students, has had a long experience in the wards of Salpetrière, and is the author of a number of important works on psychology and nervous pathology. "Hysteria" is the subject of the present course—a subject upon which he has already published a formal treatise, as well as clinical reports of much value. It is to be wished that he might resume before American audiences the discussion of hypnotism and of dual personality which awakened intense interest nearly twenty years ago in his "L'Automatisme Psychologique." His explanation of certain obscure cases of "the double self," by supposing a disintegration of consciousness, is obviously open to criticism; but in his hands it furnished a conception of the real process involved, and in particular gave men of science a working hypothesis with which to approach further investigations.

That there are too many scientific congresses is the complaint of a writer in the *Revue Scientifique*. While isolation is a bad thing for the man of science, and while it is essential to his usefulness and reputation that he should at times compare notes with his colleagues, much time, labor, and money are wasted by the multiplicity of these assemblies. A concrete example of the incidental abuses is furnished by the same periodical, in its report of the Medical Congress at Lisbon. One of the chief evils was the diversity of language. The reports were distributed so tardily that members of the congress had no time in which to prepare themselves to speak. There were too many reports relating to the same subject, which gave rise to tiresome repetitions. Much time was lost in attending *fêtes* and other entertainments. Moreover, a number of eminent men failed to appear personally, and their papers were read for them by others. Yet the desire of attending congresses is keen, and it would be cruel to deprive even modest scientists of opportunities to be heard, or to prevent their hearers from manifesting the Christian graces of patience and long-suffering.

There is need of better education among the light-fingered gentry who cut pictures from their frames. That their taste is backward and their judgment doubtful has been recently shown in several instances. We have small patience with the adventurer who has just risked State's prison for the sake of a Meyer von Bremen in the Cincinnati Museum. To choose such a thing when better was to be had suggests an unhappy interference of sentiment with strict business. Even the successful abductors of the Gainsborough Duchess got, after all, only a more than dubious picture, even if their idea of commercial and advertising values seems to have been excellent. In general, however, picture-stealing can hardly rank as a fine art. Safe-cracking seems fairly an intellectual occupation in comparison. Evidently there are obstacles to conducting picture-stealing on a purely artistic basis. Commercial considerations must rightly rule. Moreover, the finest and most renowned pictures can hardly be stolen to advantage, being difficult to sell. Such considerations must excuse much that may seem crude in an essentially liberal occupation. To astute museum directors, the debased state of the picture-stealing profession affords an unexampled opportunity. Every museum should create at least one gallery of paintings that can be spared. A deaf mute, preferably blind also, should be chosen as custodian, and upon the doorpost might hang conspicuously a pair of shears.

Clemenceau's reorganization of the French Ministry calls for little comment, except for the assignment of the war portfolio to Gen. Picquart. This is one of those rare instances in which practical politics and poetic justice meet. In a sense, the appointment is a defiance not merely to moribund Nationalism, but to the more respectable Moderate and Clerical sentiment that was on the wrong side of the *affaire Dreyfus*. It is a gauge of uncompromising Radicalism, and will be hailed with expectant rejoicing by the Socialists also. Otherwise, the Cabinet remains much what it was. M. Briand retains the portfolio of Education and Worship, which promises that the Separation act will be carried into effect without faltering, and yet without bigotry or unnecessary proscription. No French Cabinet for many years has been complete without a Socialist member, and now M. Viviani accepts the newly created Ministry of Labor. M. Pichon, the new Foreign Minister, is Resident-General in Tunis, and has been associated with the colonial and diplomatic service in the Far East. A former colleague of Clemenceau's on *La Justice*, he presumably represents the progressive colonialism so deeply desired on the boulevards, tempered, however, by humanitarian and socialistic scruples. It may fairly be assumed that the Foreign Office will continue the present policy of conciliation with all and of positive friendship with England and Italy. It is premature to offer a forecast of the Clemenceau régime, but in general it may be said that it usually goes ill with a Warwick promoted to the throne. A man of statesmanlike parts, Clemenceau is evidently relentless towards the Reactionaries and Moderates. Having already shown himself, in the post-office strike, too much of an authoritarian to please the Socialists, his middle course will clearly be a difficult one to steer.

The British Admiralty, by turning out the greatest battleship ever seen, with turbine engines and the phenomenal speed of 23 knots an hour, has completely upset American and Continental theories that the turbines were unsuited to warships. Now the Admiralty announces that the three so-called armored cruisers building on the Clyde are not cruisers at all, but battleships, with as heavy broadside fire as the Dreadnought, and of four knots greater speed. Indeed, these three vessels will actually be seven knots faster than any American, German, or French battleships, as

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a speed of 27 knots is confidently expected on their trials. Only one or two of our battleships can make 20 knots; the bulk of them average 17 under service conditions. In other words, the English designers have borne out the prophets who have been looking forward to the day when the distinction between the armored cruiser and the battleship would cease to be. Our Navy Department, which has been for a year planning to outdo the Dreadnought, finds itself compelled to readapt its plans in accordance with the designs of the new English battleships. As a sort of consolation, the American experts are trying to figure out that their twelve-inch guns are about the same as the British in size and ballistic qualities. From that there is but little satisfaction to be obtained, for the truth is that, by the revolutionary speed obtained for her new battleships, England has more than ever emphasized her naval superiority. No matter how much her naval rivals may strive to imitate her, England can always get ahead of them by her ability to build, equip, and send to sea a great battleship fully a year before a vessel started in any other country at the same time.

The United States is not the only country in which protection is steadily making life harder for the laboring man. In Germany the price of meat has gone up so much that thousands of people are no longer able to purchase any. When prices jumped a year ago, there was a great outcry. The only response from the Government was a statement from the Minister of the Interior that the trouble was temporary, due to a bad crop year. Nevertheless, the price of meat has continued to rise, so that there is genuine suffering. A beef steer which cost $32.45 in Berlin in July, 1904, cost $34.40 in July, 1905, and $36.87 in July of this year. On the 29th of September last, the price had risen to $41.75. The price of pork has gone up correspondingly. The Berlin *Tageblatt* proves conclusively that this is due not merely to the increase of population, as the Government has alleged, but that there has been a marked falling off in the possible supply. It points out that, instead of doing something to help the poor by making it easy to import cattle from abroad, the Government, at the bidding of the Agrarians, is doing everything it can to make importations more difficult. In 1895 the importation of Danish hogs was stopped. This was followed in 1900 by the prohibition of all imports of sausage and canned meats. In 1904, there was the edict against American hogs, and in the same year a ban upon hogs and ruminants from France, Belgium, Holland, and England. In the meanwhile, more stringent health regulations have made it even more difficult to import cattle on the hoof. This year have come increased tariffs on cattle and meat. It is obvious, therefore, that the situation is getting worse rather than better.

While the Dutch are seriously discussing ways and means of averting ultimate absorption by Germany, now that hope of a direct successor to the throne seems to have been abandoned, the Belgians, too, are growing panicky in face of the Pan-Germanic movement. The French press in Belgium is greatly exercised over a plan recently set on foot by the German part of the population to secure legal recognition of their native tongue. In 1900 the number of German-speaking inhabitants was only 2 per cent. of the total; but the ratio may have increased somewhat since then. The claim is based on the constitutional right enjoyed by every Belgian to make use of his native language in his relations with the educational, administrative, and judicial departments of the Government. Admitting, however, their numerical weakness, the Germans declare that they will be content with an official recognition of their rights without seeking to have them enforced. The Flemish representatives in the Chamber, contrary to common expectation, have come out against the demands of the German-Belgians, possibly because they are convinced of the necessity of offering a check to German aspirations in general.

The head that wears a crown may be a very good head for business. In the attacks upon Leopold II. of Belgium, in his relation to the Congo Free State, fresh revelations continue to be made. Next to the notorious Abir Rubber Company, the most prosperous corporation in the Congo is the Kasai Company, in which the State, that is to say, King Leopold, owns half of the stock. The State exacts its tax from the natives in the form of rods of copper, shaped like a St. Andrew's cross, which the Government receives at a valuation of one and a quarter francs apiece. But these crosses are only to be purchased from the Kasai Company, to which the Government sells them at three and one-half francs apiece, and which in turn makes a handsome profit on the sale to the natives. In other words, the State receives three and a half francs for a cross which it takes back at one and a quarter francs, and in addition, as half-partner in the Kasai Company, shares in the profit on the subsequent sale of the copper. Compared with the King of Belgium, Abdul Hamid II. appears positively beneficent. The Sultan is the controlling spirit of a land company operating in the Mesopotamian valley, where it has been expropriating the richest sections. This is accomplished by manipulation of the water supply. The peasant "must make the best terms he can with the man who can at will cut him off from all irrigation. He sells his land for a song." In applying the latest Trust methods to high commerce it is evidently a distinct advantage to be a monarch of some sort. If with the royal functions goes the spiritual headship over faithful millions, so much the better. Thus the Sultan is under no compulsion from anti-Trust laws to vest the ownership of his land in a holding company, say, at Samarcand or Zanzibar.

In a book recently published, Dr. Binet-Sanglé tries to show that the Hebrew prophets from Samuel to Malachi were insane. Since certain critics doubt the historical reality of the patriarchs, it is almost reassuring to be told that the prophets actually lived even if they were mad. Of course, if the Oriental language and imagery of the Hebrew seers are taken literally, there are passages in their writings which are not conformed to the every-day experiences of Americans, or even of Frenchmen. Their visions may be interpreted as hallucinations, their denunciation of their enemies as violence, and their apprehensions of coming disaster as delusions. But upon such a principle, many modern poets might be consigned to the psychopathic ward, while Dante, Milton, and Bunyan would, like Jeremiah and Ezekiel, be put in the class of *aliénés*. In both ancient and mediæval times, genius and insanity were thought to be allied. Dryden expressed that idea in his famous epigram. Of late years such a belief has found support in the writings of Lélut, Moreau, Lombroso, Nesbit, and others, who contend that extraordinary mental ability is an evidence of a diseased brain. But there are strong general reasons for thinking it improbable that what goes by the name of genius is a morbid characteristic. While it has never been asserted that insanity is a mark of genius, it would seem that, if genius is a mark of insanity, there should be signs of high intellectual and moral inspiration among the great numbers confined in asylums. But with the exception of craft and cunning, qualities of an intellectual kind are singularly lacking in those unfortunates. Even the insane who can still reason, but whose premises are the result of delusion, seldom show even a spark of the divine fire. It is natural that all eyes should be directed towards conspicuous defects and aberrations in the character of men who have great intellectual and emotional endowments. But as one of the most eccentric yet most brilliant philosophers has said, such men are like Mont Blanc, which lifts its shining head above the clouds which darken its slopes.

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NEW LIGHT ON EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.

The real importance of the Hohenlohe "Memoirs," it now appears, lies in the exposure of German diplomacy about the time the Franco-Russian alliance was formed. Almost equally important is the explanation of German foreign policy for twenty years past as consistently anti-liberal, monarchical, and pro-Russian. Indubitable testimony bears out surmises in this tenor, and the general belief that France was befooled by Russia, and Austria and Italy ignored by the initiator of the Triple Alliance, receives striking confirmation. Ex-Minister Lockroy, speaking at Rome last Sunday, urged the Italian Francophile party to associate Italy with the Anglo-French *entente*, as a means of assuring "the triumph of democratic principles in Europe." Undoubtedly, the sentiment to which he appealed will be greatly strengthened among French, English, and Italian readers of the Hohenlohe revelations.

The league of three Emperors—Dreikaiserbund—was a favorite dream of William I. It was to be a sort of limited Holy Alliance against democracy, Socialism, and liberalism of all sorts. On November 2, 1884, the old Kaiser, commenting on Joseph Chamberlain's plan to create peers enough to pass the franchise bill, remarked that, if republican tendencies got the upper hand in England, "we shall have hard work keeping our places." It was this feeling that dictated the so-called "reinsurance" with Russia, which is in moral effect to-day. By this secret agreement, Russia was to have a free hand in the Balkans, agreeing to maintain neutrality in case of war between Germany and France. The agreement calmly ignored the claims of Italy and Austria in European Turkey; and, as Caprivi remarked when he refused to renew the treaty, in 1891, "if it had become known, it would have broken up the Triple Alliance." The treaty lapsed, but the spirit which gave it validity persisted till the eve of the Franco-Russian alliance. Indeed, the most interesting, and glaringly indiscreet, portion of the "Memoirs" is the account of Hohenlohe's conversations with the Czar and other high Russian officials, just before Nicholas II.'s spectacular visit to Paris in the fall of 1896.

On an earlier occasion, Lobanoff, the Russian Chancellor, told Hohenlohe that Russia "did Europe a good service by taking up France. God knows what these people might have gone and done if they had not been reined in." Naturally, Nicholas II. never committed himself in quite the cynical terms of his confidential adviser, but he took pains, nevertheless, to explain away the Paris visit. Speaking with Hohenlohe in September, 1896, the Czar "mentioned that he had not spoken to the Emperor about Paris, and he asked me if I had any objection to his visit to Paris. He was pleased when I replied that the visit to Paris seemed to me to be 'inevitable.' He laid stress upon the fact that he had declined to put up at the Quai d'Orsay, or anywhere else in Paris. He was going to stay at his own embassy, like all his predecessors." In view of the furore created by the Paris visit, this attempt to minimize it is of curious interest. But France wanted an ally, and Russia a banker, and the part the Czar played in this exchange of French money for Russian amiabilities did not require deep conviction on the part of the leading gentleman.

All the remarks of the Czar at this time are of considerable political interest. Discussing tentative overtures from England, he fully agreed with Hohenlohe that "the English Constitution and the account which English ministers have to take of public opinion made it impossible to conclude treaties with England." In view of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the Anglo-French *entente*, these words are worth recalling; and since the opinion of the Czar can hardly have altered, they throw a certain light, also, on the prospects for an understanding between England and Russia. On the other hand, the Czar discredited the favorite bugbear of the English Russophobes, the advance on India. On Hohenlohe's remarking that the British activity in South Africa was really impelled by the dread of some day losing India, the Czar replied: "Yes, but who is going to take India from them? We are not so stupid as to pursue a design of that sort." These words should be kept standing by every enlightened newspaper in England, for use whenever the periodical Russian ague afflicts the young lions of the press.

Certain remarks of the Czar look forward to the war in Manchuria, if only by implication. He liked the Japanese, he told Hohenlohe. Everything he had seen in Japan had greatly impressed him. He had been struck by the great orderliness, activity, and intelligence of the population. "But this sympathy," he added, "has not kept me from acting against the Japanese when they have gone too far." No doubt of his ability to check them had entered his head. He further declared that Japan was arming at a great rate, but had no resources except the Chinese war indemnity. "When these were exhausted, he could not think how they were going to complete their military preparations. Besides, they would take years to do it, and by that time the Siberian railway would be ready, and then Russia would be in a position *de faire face à toutes éventualités*." Evidently, the financial reckonings of Russia were no better than her military forecasts.

We need not enlarge upon the pathetic interest of these reports of the views of the youthful Czar. They throw light upon the unwritten covenant between Germany and Russia, and explain the dynastic sympathy that found such striking expression during the war in the Far East. When Nicholas II. took leave of Hohenlohe in September, 1896, he used these surprising words: "Tell the Kaiser to continue to write to me personally when he has anything to communicate." Such a message, we venture to think, has rarely been transmitted to a potentate through his Prime Minister. Perhaps the chief value of the memoirs is the revelation of the importance of such dynastic sympathies—an influence which liberal governments are prone to underestimate or even to regard as obsolete. But the spectacle which Prince Hohenlohe affords of the arbiters of Germany and Russia either scorning or deceiving pretty much all the rest of Europe, is certainly calculated to increase the diplomatic isolation of Germany. One can hardly wonder that the Kaiser wants the present Prince Hohenlohe's resignation, or that the Prince plans to spend his remaining years in the salubrious climate of the French Riviera.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES AGREEMENT.

According to our new *modus vivendi* with England respecting the Newfoundland fisheries, the English Government will "not bring into force" (that is, will temporarily disallow) the "Newfoundland Foreign Fishing Vessels Act, 1906," imposing additional restrictions upon American shipmasters. It also consents to the use of purse seines by American fishermen during the coming season, though "due regard" is to be "paid, in the use of such implements, to other modes of fishery." On its part, the American Government undertakes to direct American fishing vessels to conform to the Colonial customs law and harbor regulations, "when physically possible to do so." This will cause the Captains Courageous of Gloucester to take fresh courage; also, we fancy, to indulge in fresh laughter. Further, our Government, while maintaining the right to ship Newfoundlanders, has "assured his Majesty's Government that such shipments, if found necessary, will be made at a sufficient distance beyond the three-mile limit."

These provisions make the wrath of the Newfoundlanders, concerning which we have heard so much in the dispatches from St. John's, wholly intelligible. They regard their entire herring fishery as imperilled. They made in 1905 what they believed to be a perfectly fair convention—the Hay-Bond treaty—to secure reciprocal rights in the fisheries. But this, our Senate refused to ratify,

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Lodge taking the lead against that Administration measure. Thereupon, Newfoundland set about defending her interests. As our intensely American shipmasters, in their patriotic efforts to make their fishing fleet a "nursery of American sailors," are in the habit of shipping great numbers of Blue Noses, at low wages, the Newfoundland Legislature passed an act providing that "no British subject shall leave the colony for the purpose of joining a foreign vessel to fish in its waters"; also, more explicitly, that "no British subject shall fish in any foreign fishing vessel in the waters of this colony." The act likewise forbade the selling or leasing of "fishing gear," of any kind, to foreign fishing vessels. Prohibition of purse seines has been the law in Newfoundland for twenty-five years. It is believed to be necessary if the herring are not to be made as scarce as mackerel have been, by the use of purse seines. Indeed, since the announcement of the agreement, the fishermen of both nationalities on the spot have consented to give up this method of fishing. Thus that clause of the *modus* is abandoned by its beneficiaries. With regard to the obligation of American vessels to enter and clear at the colonial custom-houses, and to submit to inspection, it is maintained by the Newfoundland authorities that only by such means can they be assured that the schooners are really American. No others have the treaty right to fish in colonial waters, and the colony asserts that it is in duty bound to board vessels and make sure that they are not smugglers or pirates.

Very naturally, the disallowing of this legislation has caused great excitement and indignation in St. John's. There was talk of the Ministry resigning in a body, as a protest, after the fashion of the Government of Cape Colony. But the final decision was to remain in office and fight the matter through. Every colonial statute enforceable against American vessels will be employed. It was even proposed to repeal the law forbidding colonial fishermen to use purse seines, the idea being that the local fishermen would thus be able to anticipate the Americans, and take practically all the annual catch in the Bay of Islands. But that would only drive Lodge and the other tariff-dodgers into new devices for buying the herring of Newfoundlanders, and then having them entered free of duty at Gloucester as "the product of American fisheries."

All this friction, however, but accentuates the need of following up the *modus vivendi* with a comprehensive treaty, fair to both Newfoundland and New England, thus putting to rest a question that has troubled our diplomacy for many years. Secretary Root has expressed the determination to clear up, if possible, every pending controversy with England. This fisheries dispute is the most vexing of all. That the English Government has made great temporary concessions, even at the cost of inflaming its own subjects, is an earnest of good will on that side. We can but hope, therefore, that the *modus vivendi* is but the precursor of a treaty which will be broad enough and fair enough to withstand the assaults of Senator Lodge, and to remove forever a cause of ill feeling between natural friends.

WANTED—A NATIONAL GALLERY.

The *Burlington Magazine*, with its customary enthusiasm in museum matters, urges editorially the creation of a national gallery at Washington under the administration of the Smithsonian. Although the scheme is advocated with a somewhat nonchalant hopefulness as to ways and means, it has intrinsically much in its favor. Washington is the natural location for a gallery of American art—a museum that should not merely display the art of the past, but should encourage that of the present, becoming a sort of American Luxembourg. Such a project has been frequently mooted, but no practical steps have been taken, partly because the fine arts have never had influential advocates at Washington, partly, perhaps, because the Corcoran Gallery, a private foundation, seemed to occupy the field. A recent judicial decision, however, has revived interest in the artistic function of the Smithsonian Institution. By its character it is empowered to collect and exhibit objects of art and of curiosity. Before the fire of 1865 it had considerable collections; it now possesses the important print collection of the late G. P. Marsh; has accepted the reversion of C. L. Freer's splendid collection of American and Japanese paintings; and, by the court decision already noted, becomes the keeper of the art collection of the late Harriet Lane Johnston. So far as the organization of an art department goes, the Smithsonian has no conspicuous connoisseur on its staff, but it already represents in an eminent degree the cautious scholarship that should preside over such an enterprise.

On grounds of economy, too, the Smithsonian is the natural body to create a national gallery. In the projected National Museum building, an art department could be accommodated for many years to come. Thus money which on any other basis must be spent upon a separate building, could be devoted to acquisitions. And in the present rapidly rising art market, money in hand has threefold purchasing power. Since the Smithsonian has no funds for such a new departure, the scheme for a national gallery depends entirely upon the generosity of Congress. But one can hardly doubt that a plan at once inexpensive, intrinsically desirable, and patriotic would make a strong appeal to our law-makers. It is no question here of the enormous endowment that a general museum requires. We believe the estimate of the *Burlington Magazine* to be conservative, when it fixes the current budget for both administration and purchases at $25,000 annually. It should be recalled that if the museum concentrates upon American art, the usual expensive staff will be unnecessary, a curator-director with proper assistance sufficing. It would be very important, however, that Congress should at the outset make a handsome appropriation of, say, $100,000, in order to found the historical collection. The prices of old American painting and sculpture are rising, and money spent now will save multiplied expenditure in the future. We can hardly doubt that, if the Smithsonian Institution will magnify its own function and plead its own cause vigorously, Congress will gladly vote the necessary funds.

It might be asked, Why restrict the aims of a national gallery to the exhibition of American art? We answer, frankly, because an American museum is more urgently needed, because it might exert a useful influence upon our art and our standards of taste, and, finally, because the limited and patriotic appeal is far more likely to gain the support of Congress. To rival the Metropolitan Museum without adequate funds would be very foolish. The Corcoran Gallery is an instructive example of the drawbacks of conducting a museum in a capital on an income adapted only to provincial requirements. If Congress would appropriate a matter of a half-million annually to maintain a comprehensive museum, that would be worth while, but the modest plan suggested above seems more likely to be carried out. Of course, a national gallery would by gift acquire many examples of non-American art. We have recalled that the Smithsonian already has a representative collection of European engraving, and is to possess a rare collection of the finest painting of China and Japan. Undoubtedly, the general collections would be similarly enriched as time went on. In fact, the prestige of such a national museum would from the first bring it gifts in abundance. No one, for example, could make a more dignified disposal of heirlooms of painting, while artists and their friends would naturally seek the honor of representation on its walls. The funds would properly be spent in buying the pictures of the younger artists of talent; the veterans—at least the more successful ones—could fairly be counted on to contribute by gift or bequest.

Evidently the director of such a museum should be an enthusiast for American art, but it would be highly unfortunate if he were nothing more than that. He should be familiar also with the best art of all periods. What the

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production of our modern studios needs most is to be judged, apart from parochial applause, by something like a universal standard. In fact, the most important function of a national gallery might well be the creation of a sound national taste. Not only would a director at Washington be fortunately remote from the promptings of the artistic cliques, but he would find a body of spectators singularly receptive to any lesson he might choose to address to their eyes. There is no city in America where travellers go so frequently merely "for to see, and for to admire." A collection of the finest works that American artists have produced, or are producing, could from Washington extend an educating and refining influence to the remotest hamlet in the land. The realization of such a dream depends apparently upon the zeal of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution and upon the good will of Congress.

MUTE, INGLORIOUS LITERATURE.

William Butler Yeats returns to a favorite and suggestive theme in his essay on "Literature and the Living Voice" in the *Contemporary Review*. He maintains that the nerveless quality of much modern writing is due to the fact that literature, like the proverbial good child, is seen but not heard. Recalling the days when the minstrel still held his own against the scribe, Mr. Yeats bids Ireland, which still represents "the old world that sang and listened," resist to the last "the world that reads and writes." More practically, he hopes first for a revival of the habit of recitation, especially by authors, and believes that the popular stage, like his own unique enterprise at Dublin, may again become a place where the people hear the best literature, learning the poets not from the inexpressive page, but from the living voice of skilled interpreters.

Mr. Yeats's peculiar theories of cantilating verse have excited considerable comment. The presence of the great *diseuse*, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, among us is evidence enough that there is between singing and recitation an opportunity for great art. That this art is generally communicable, we doubt; and we hardly expect to see even in Ireland poets who habitually practise recitative to the rote or some modern equivalent, or a guild of minstrels who declaim sonorously to the dulcimer. But if Mr. Yeats's remedy for the widespread poverty of style seems fanciful, he has at least done much to explain a prevailing anæmia in modern literature. It may fairly be maintained that only of late years has the eye been the sole medium of literary enjoyment. When books were comparatively few, and the habits of readers leisurely, even silent perusal was undoubtedly accompanied by a subconsciousness of the sound of the voice. If there is one quality more marked than another in Elizabethan poetry, it is that it was always a heard thing. It must have rung alluring in the ears of its authors; to-day, it rouses any but the most inert reader to break silence and give voice to its splendid cadences. With the great romantic writers, Byron, Shelley, and Keats in England, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, and Hugo in France, the case was the same. Their periods crave utterance, and can be appreciated only dimly by those who have no consciousness of the sound.

When the change came about and readers lost the use of the inner ear, is matter of simple conjecture. It evidently hangs upon the enormous modern production of books, and the habit of silent reading. The hypothesis that most books of the last fifty years have been written by deaf people for deaf people would explain many things. It would throw some light on the admitted saplessness of current French prose. Possibly the average review article, with all its erudition and keenness, is pale and monotonous simply because it was never heard or meant to be heard. Like a muted instrument, such a style has neither legato nor accent. And that is the prose of the day, whether you look to France, Germany, Italy, or, nearer home, to England and America. Everywhere the same respectable, lifeless, insipid product. Certain scholars in Germany have recommended that school children be taught not to pronounce mentally when reading, because more ground may be covered the other way. The prevalence of such literary deafness would go far to account for the present condition of polite letters beyond the Rhine, though the defect is well-nigh universal.

To recall the exceptional modern writers who are in any sense eloquent, is, we believe, to name those who hear their writings and desire that others should hear them. D'Annunzio, Anatole France, Thomas Hardy, are of this type, whereas one might confidently assert that Fogazzaro, Bourget, and Mrs. Humphry Ward compose without auditory satisfaction of any sort. The distinction is presumably psychological and fundamental. Just as memories are classed as visual or verbal, so minds are auditory or the contrary, tending in the first case to associate sound and sense, in the second to eliminate sound altogether. A reader of an introspective sort tells us that in reading poetry he habitually recites it mentally, whereas he seldom hears prose at all, but occasionally is checked by an instinct that a passage is finely cadenced, in which case he rolls it lovingly under his mental tongue. Eloquent verse will stimulate the inaudible recitation to an actual whisper, or even a croon. This appears to be a case of a good—that is to say, an auditory—reader, forced into the deaf, or merely ocular, class by a large bulk of duty-reading that must be done at high speed. The future of literature depends largely upon writers and readers who are in some fashion obedient to the living voice, and it is one of the most paradoxical instances of the prevailing intellectual confusion that, just as painting is striving to attain to the vagueness of musical expression, literature is disavowing its natural ally, indeed, its proper medium, the human voice.

On natural principle of flux and reflux, one may expect a return to the better way. We may not see again a Virgil and a Cæsar weeping together at a private reading, but may fairly hope for some reaction against the present surdity. Fortunately, the habit of mental audition can be cultivated, and writers will find their practical account in testing their product vocally. Similarly, readers who insist that the ear be satisfied as well as the mind are already in a manner critics. In fact, criticism in the genuine sense can hardly exist on any other basis. The point may seem to some narrowly rhetorical, but it is a case where an improvement in the form must infallibly work an improvement in the substance also. Here Mr. Yeats brings indubitable testimony when he describes the results of rewriting his plays for popular audiences. He says:

> Every one who has to interest his audience through the voice discovers that his success depends upon the clear, simple, and varied structure of his thought. I have written a good many plays in verse and prose, and almost all those plays I have rewritten after performance, sometimes again and again, and every change that has succeeded has been an addition to the masculine element, an increase of strength in the bony structure.

It is precisely this access of "bony structure" that modern literature most needs, and while Mr. Yeats has verse chiefly in mind, the doctrine applies with equal validity to prose, where surely the need of reform is more urgent.

AN S. P. C. P.

Some benevolent but misguided person has proposed that a society be formed for the prevention of cruelty to parents. But no such reactionary step will, we hope, be taken. Emancipation of successive classes has been a mark of human progress. The spiritual control of the laity by the clergy has given place to the government of the pulpit by the pew. Kings and emperors hold their sceptres by the favor of their subjects. And fathers and mothers are beginning to be aware that they have no rights which their children are bound to respect. That they should enjoy special immunities or privileges would be absurd. In all progress there is a class which suffers and complains. And if

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parents are suffering now because their children are getting the upper hand, they should not look to any voluntary society for relief.

Unfortunately, children have necessarily to be burdened with what Stevenson called "subsidiary parents." Thus shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy and girl; they seek greater freedom. Their consequent rise to a place of authority in the family is in many cases the effect of their superior education. Not only have they better advantages at school than their parents had before them; they also make acquaintances who move beyond the narrow parental circle. The fathers soon learn to abdicate to sons who have been educated with social superiors; and no daughter who has been properly "finished" would think of submitting her opinions to those of her mother. Estimable wives of political magnates or of millionaires may be dressed by the best *modistes* of Paris and New York; they may have the art of giving good dinners and "smart" balls; they may do well for fashionable charities, and may even show a halting respect for the rules of grammar. But without the approval of their daughters, it profiteth them nothing.

In former days wayward children could be corrected by rebuke or chastened with a rod; but now the absorbing problem in families is how best to check erring parents and encourage them to persevere on the way to social eminence. Mothers may get endorsements from their children as good housekeepers, convenient chaperons, or faithful nurses; but of the finer social practices they are too often shockingly ignorant. Occasionally, they are trained in the way that they should go by their daughters, but "queer ideas" have a trick of haunting the brains of unruly matrons. Generally, they plod on quietly and peacefully, sometimes to their own social undoing, indeed, but frequently to a pleasant, shopping, dining-out, sitting-out, tiara-wearing, corpulent old age, heedless of a daughter's tears and admonitions. In view of the fact that these shortcomings are often due to congenital defects, it has been contended that children should be more indulgent. But over-indulgence on their part has hurried many parents to their ruin.

As for fathers, they do not so much matter. In developed societies the paternal function has not been highly specialized. The father is a bread-winner, and his kingdom is not of the world in which his children move. It is true that, with obsolete ideas of the *patria potestas*, he has sometimes made a feeble stand as the purveyor of munitions for the social warfare. But by intelligent sons and daughters it has been decided that, however highly he may be esteemed in Wall Street, he is out of place in the rarefied air in which they live and move and have their being. Fathers take no due interest in the weightier matters of social life. For a brief period during the early childhood of their offspring they manifest a proper spirit by believing in the inspiration of the children, and by quoting their sayings as if they had been uttered at Delphi. But as a social asset, a father is of little importance. Viewed merely as a blood-relative, no indulgence should be shown to him. Even if he should repent his mistakes and senile follies, and declare that he will arise and go unto his son, let there be no minstrelsy or fatted calf provided for him.

In the life of the very rich, some parents still seek to resemble those curfews incarnate in humble life who keep the girls at home and the boys out of the bar-rooms. Middle life and old age, even when money is abundant, are too hidebound to get accustomed to the manners of the new generation of young men who are old and worn before they graduate, and of young women who win or lose large sums at gambling. But whether parents are young or old, children have a right to expect from them implicit obedience. At first this may be difficult, but, as Aristotle says, "Virtue is a habit," and it can be acquired. No one therefore should complain of cruelty to parents. The chastisement which they endure may be grievous, but it will finally yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. There are surely enough elements of anarchy in modern society without the encouragement of parental revolt. The man who "never shook his mother" was a rude denizen of the uncultured West; he should not be held up as an example for imitation. In these days of progress, theologians well say that all infants are elect, and that the Fifth Commandment is a part of the code of primitive tribes.

A LATINIST AT A SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

Prof. Andrew F. West, who is now president-elect of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has a high reputation as a Latinist, but is even better known as an administrator. From the beginning of his Princeton professorate, in 1883, he has been a prominent figure both in the various learned societies, and in the intercollegiate committees on entrance requirements, etc. He was the organizing spirit of the Princeton sesquicentennial celebration of 1896. It was he who, as secretary, secured as delegates more famous European scholars than had ever before graced an academic festivity in America. Besides raising the money and arranging these academic pomps, he carried out the happy innovation of having the illustrious delegates of foreign universities deliver lectures, many of which, being of permanent value, were published as a memorial of the event. In 1901 he became dean of the Princeton Graduate School, and has had a large hand in reorganizing a rather rudimentary department upon a genuine university basis. He was also influential in securing the excellent adjustment of the old classical curriculum to the new elective system, which gives Princeton a uniquely conservative position among American universities. He favored also the new preceptorial system of personal instruction, which introduces to America a method long approved at Oxford and Cambridge. In fine, his attitude has been that of a convinced classicist, yet one thoroughly perceptive of the educational claims of the natural sciences and the modern languages. Thus his call to the leadership of a scientific school is less paradoxical than it would seem.

Andrew F. West was born in 1853 at Allegheny, Pa., the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. During his college course at Princeton, from which he was graduated in 1874, he formed that close personal friendship with President McCosh, which nine years later led to the appointment to a professorship of Latin at Princeton. In the meantime, Mr. West travelled, taught school, and pursued his favorite classical studies. Early in the eighties he became principal of the historic Morris Academy, Morristown, N. J., which he soon brought from a languishing to a highly prosperous condition. The enthusiasm which he has since evinced in many fields was there shown in his personal introduction of the then new Rugby football, being the captain of the school team, and in the zest with which he organized the school exhibitions.

His old college gave him the degree of Ph.D. and made him a professor of Latin in 1883. In the intervals of teaching he prepared an edition of the comedies of Terence, published in 1888; and that elaborate edition of the "Philobiblon" of Richard de Bury which the Grolier Club published handsomely in 1889. In this work, which remains Professor West's most congenial and perhaps important achievement, he anticipated the recent revival of interest in mediæval Latin among Latinists even of the severer type. His growing attention to educational problems and to the origins of humanism found expression in the little treatise, "Alcuin and the Rise of the Christian Schools" (1893). A Latin grammar (1902) is his latest contribution to the pedagogics of his subject. A number of articles and addresses on college subjects, especially an able critique of the elective system as conceived by President Eliot of Harvard, attest his interest in academic theory and have increased his influence. It is for these semi-public activities quite as much as for his scholarship that he has received his honorary degrees, LL.D. (Lafayette) and D.Litt. (Oxford).

It is significant that the trustees of the Institute of Technology seek as an administrator not a scientist, but a classicist of the widest general culture. They tacitly accept in this decision a favorite doctrine of the late President Walker, who valiantly maintained that the curriculum of his school should be, and was actually, more humane and liberal than that of the old-style colleges. Professor West's appointment should probably be interpreted in this spirit. If he accepts, he will bring to his new responsibility not merely the scholastic qualifications we have enumerated, but those of a personality at once astute, engaging, and impressive.

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BOOK NOTES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, October 9.

Now that French winds blow steadily toward a Culturkampf, books which are more than political pamphlets on the situation are worth noticing. The most important is still the "Anticléricalisme" of Emile Faguet of the French Academy. His book is an attempt at a thorough diagnosis of the case in French society, but it is not written from the clerical point of view. A university professor, Victor Giraud, whose studies on Sainte-Beuve have made him favorably known in criticism, now publishes a short book, "Anticléricalisme et Catholicisme," in which he tries to complete the work from the standpoint of a confirmed Catholic. He reproaches M. Faguet's "national irreligion" with being only one side of the question, and remarks sensibly enough that there must be some religion left in France, if only to explain the violence of the Anticlericals. His main conclusion is in direct opposition with what is commonly taken for granted:

> Politically vanquished, tracked and proscribed and persecuted, almost eliminated from public life and official organizations, never since Bossuet and St. Francis de Sales, perhaps not since the thirteenth century, has French Catholicism in reality been stronger, more fruitful, more alive.

Professor Giraud appeals to the present Catholic literary revival, which is as yet unheralded abroad, but which may be studied in another new book, "La Littérature Religieuse d'avant-hier et d'aujourdhui," by Henri Brémond, the young priest with English experience who has written the notable psychological study of Newman. From the standpoint of a Liberal Catholic layman, Imbart de La Tour, the historian, publishes "The Conditions of Religious and Social Revival in France," comparing the present situation with that of fifty years ago, when Montalembert wrote his "Catholic Interests of the Nineteenth Century." All these writers, like M. Brunetière, deprecate anxiously any formation of a Catholic political party or any connection of Catholics as such with political parties.

Antoine Albalat, who is responsible for curious studies of the ways in which French authors form their style and write their books, publishes a useful work, "Pages Choisies," of selections from Louis Veuillot. This intensely personal journalist's daily controversy for more than forty stirring years down to his death in 1883 made him feared and detested; and on account of his name being a symbol of the fiercest Clericalism, he never became known abroad as the really great writer which he was. Jules Lemaître, long before he entered the French Academy, rendered justice to the qualities of Veuillot as a writer with a style transforming itself at will from sledge hammer into knife, subtly dissecting soul from spirit, and lancet-puncturing the most promising literary swellings. Little by little the higher journalists at least have come to recognize that Louis Veuillot was the master of them all. The very genuine democracy of Veuillot, working his way up from poverty in a rich *bourgeois* society which chiefly profited by the Revolution, is perhaps another title to latter-day sympathies. To the French language he contributed the happy word *boulevardier* and the complex term *odeurs de Paris*.

In a communication made to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, M. Maspéro narrates the results of the latest excavations in Egypt. Among them is a find of such interest to Greek scholars that it is not safe to estimate its value for the present. At Kom Schgaon, a locality to which M. Maspéro's attention had been attracted several years ago, fifty fine manuscript rolls have been discovered, one of which is more than four yards long. Among them one contains some 1,200 unpublished lines of a comedy by Menander. These will be published shortly, and may help to make known in his own work a classical author hitherto read chiefly through Latin imitations.

Prince Albert of Monaco has undertaken the collective publication of the most ancient manifestations of pictorial art—engravings and paintings on the rock walls of caves dating from the later palæolithic age (cut stone). The first systematic student of this art, Emile Rivière of the Collège de France, presented at a late meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres his own series of reproductions in photogravure and plaster casts of the chief examples found by him in the cave of La Mouthe, Dordogne. With the exception of the figure of a hut, all represent animals life-size or smaller. The bison, antelope, ibex, reindeer, a bearded horse, an ass resembling the wild Siberian *asinus hemionus*, a mammoth, and various felines are easily recognizable. The cave of La Mouthe is about 650 feet long. Besides the pictures on its walls, it has yielded thousands of bones of different species of animals, with flint and bone tools. At another session, Abbé Breuil, whose work is aided by the Academy's subsidies, gave a summary of results obtained in six caves of the province of Santander, Spain. One, adorned with engravings only, shows a tailed anthropoid. Another, having red-dot frescoes, portrays a horse and deer, and yet another in the same style has two canines. The most archaic engraving is found at Molinar, Biscay, representing bisons and cave bears. The primitive drawings are mere outlines, but later on there is an attempt at modelling forms. An elephant in red apparently differs from the mammoth commonly represented. The entire collection of these art representations gives a certain completeness to our knowledge of the environment of the men of the later Old Stone Age in Western Europe. It is almost entirely due to the labors of MM. Rivière, Cartailhac, Capitan, Duleau, and the Abbé Breuil, and, in Spain, to Señor Del Rio and the Reverend Padre Sierra, the discoverers of the new caves.

Correspondence.

RISTORI AND SALVINI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article on the late Adelaide Ristori in the *Nation* of October 11, the writer, speaking as one of "the older generation of playgoers" who remember Ristori "as she was when she last appeared in this city," says that, "applauded though she was here, she found us cool," and cites a report of her having said to Salvini when he was leaving Italy for New York, "Give 'em comedy, Tommy. They won't listen to your tragedy." Your writer adds that Salvini accordingly "played the feeble David Garrick, making it seem a masterpiece, and failed dismally."

Now when Salvini first came to this country in the autumn of 1874, Ristori had, of course, appeared here, but only on her first visit of 1866, not on that last American tour which only old playgoers are now supposed to remember. The visit which your critic probably had in mind is one of which I find no mention, either in his article, or in your briefer notice of the death of the great actress, in the same number. My own first and last recollection of her (for I did not happen to see her in 1880) belongs to that visit; and the chill, which I not only noticed but felt, was due, in my case, to the spell, still unbroken, of Salvini's Othello of the year before. My playbills of two performances, "Maria Stuart" and "Medea," given at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on April 22 and 23, make no mention of the year (why do playbills so often omit this particular?)—but my more precise impression is confirmed by reference to back numbers of the *Nation*, where, under date of March 18, 1875, I find the record of Ristori's presence in New York in an article on her acting. It is evidently from the hand of a brilliant, but now almost forgotten, writer, who was then on your staff as art critic, the late Earl Shinn. In noting the coldness of the public, which he attributed to the remoteness, to our minds, of the classical idea, the critic pointed out her great distinction as an actress, confessed that as compared with the performance of her earlier days the execution dragged a little, but assured young spectators that "in witnessing the last act of 'Mary Stuart' or certain of the great points in 'Medea' they are looking at a supreme exhibition of the grand style of acting."

This spectator was young then, but on that April 22 and 23, was but grudgingly aware of great statuesque beauty and distinction, being heavy with disappointment under the overwhelming memory of those other evenings with Salvini at the Academy; of the large empty house (Ristori's was not so), with a handful of spectators in the front seats, a row or two in the gallery, and those marvellous performances of "Othello" and "La Morte Civile," for the emptiness was not wholly due to "David Garrick." There was that death of Corrado, in which every muscle gave token of the approach of l'Intruse, and the very blood seemed to ebb; that Othello, listening with folded arms, to the insinuations of Iago, silent, while every shade of thought passed over his countenance like the shadows over a field of wheat; then the foot and glance ready to crush the accuser and the change to anguish over the accusation that could not be crushed. They were more perfect performances, as a whole, than those which in after years took place in crowded theatres; the "business" was a little more complete, and, more than that, Piamonti was there, the lovely Piamonti, seeming not so much an efficient actress as one who chanced to have been born Desdemona; or looking as if she had lived for years the sad part of Rosalia in Giacommelli's play, giving by her very artlessness the one note

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which Salvini, in his immense tragic gamut, never quite reached—pathos. No, it was not comedy that we demanded of "Tommè"; and I do not agree with the writer in the *Nation* that he made David Garrick "seem a masterpiece." His acting was wanting in the quality kindred to pathos—humor. But though I felt this at once it took me more than a year and a half to discover any flaw in a tragic expression so vast as to seem consummate; and it was not till long afterwards that memory conceded to Ristori a noble and great art, more harmonious, but also more frigid and artificial, than that of her compatriot. S. K.

Rosemont, Pa., October 16.

"THE PRESENT POSITION OF LATIN AND GREEK."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As one of many who will feel as I do, I venture to enter an emphatic protest against the effect of Prof. Arthur O. Norton's article "The Present Position of Latin and Greek" in your issue of October 4. The writer premises that his purpose is not to present an argument either for or against classical studies; that he is not concerned with their intrinsic merits or defects as instruments of discipline and culture, and not at all with their value in comparison with other studies. How, then, is it that his thesis is really this, that the degree of A.B. is quite as significant of a certain profitable discipline, whether or no it stand warrant for any Greek at all? This thesis receives explicit statement, and involving directly as it does the question of the value of Latin and Greek as compared with their substitutes, the support it receives stultifies, at the expense of either his fairness or his logic, the assertion of the author that he is not concerned with their relative merits. The statement referred to is as follows:

> Far-sighted administrators of college affairs have seen for years that the effective preservation of the A.B., and all that goes with it, can be secured only by broadening the terms on which it may be obtained, and on which students may matriculate for it.

That is, a thing may be preserved by making it something different—preserving the tag and the good-will of the old firm and supplying an article seriously modified by substitution of an inferior ingredient within the can. My faculty is not that of classical languages, and I do not mean to presume upon your patience by engaging to set forth the merits of Greek and Latin. I may, however, say that I know I speak for many teachers both of the historic and natural sciences in asserting the belief that in the study of the classical languages an intellectual discipline is obtained, and more than that a culture, which cannot be obtained otherwise, and which invariably and unmistakably declares itself in the subsequent work and life of the student. And if this be true, as it is, an A.B. without the classics is not the same thing as an A.B. which stands for them. So Cambridge thought last year when it threw out the proposition to make Greek optional at the Little Go by 507 votes in a total of 2,611, and recently decided that there should not be a choice between an A.B. in letters and in science (the latter, indeed, involving a choice between Greek and Latin) by a vote of 747 to 241.

Professor Norton remarks that many colleges still require a small amount of Latin—one or two-fifteenths of the total work for the degree—but even in these the prescription of undergraduate Greek is rare; and he refers to the entrance requirements of six universities, only one, he remarks, demanding Greek for entrance to the A.B. course. Is it accident that he omits at least one university which both demands Greek for entrance and insists that one-tenth of the total work for the A.B. degree shall be devoted to the classics?

Near the close of his article Professor Norton quotes President Eliot by abstract to the effect that it is "not merely ridiculous, but impossible, to uphold a scheme of education which no longer commands the respect of the public." What has this to do with it? The point under argument is whether the A.B. degree should mean Greek and Latin; if the public do not respect these studies and what they afford, the B.S. is open to them. Why should they want the A.B., if not for what it once stood for? And emphatically, it is not any lack of respect that is in question, even in the case of that highly desirable element in a university, the idle and ignorant rich. What is in question is really only too much respect for Greek upon the part both of some schoolmasters and of the greater number of boys—for Greek and for the patient, careful, laborious, but character-building work it demands.

The sum of the whole matter is briefly this: Omission of Greek from the requirements for the A.B. degree means a substitute, a cheaper substitute, in entrance requirements and the course that follows. Certainly the substitution is quite legal—there is no doubt of that—the institution that descends to making this substitution undoubtedly holds the copyright of the old label. There is no attempt to deceive; the change is made quite openly; and business, the buying public, demands a less costly article. To be sure, there is the B.S. over there, just what they really want, just what they "respect." But they won't have it—they want this tag—this tag still standing for something they do not "respect."

Clarence G. Child.

University of Pennsylvania, October 17.

AFRICAN LANGUAGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The importance of language in relation to political and social aspects of the native question in Africa seems liable to be overlooked. The possibility of large groups of tribes, hitherto distinct and mutually antagonistic, becoming rapidly able and eager to understand each other in some common form of speech, has apparently to be taken into account. Twenty-six years' contact with Swahili and various dialects of Eastern and Central Africa so far points to the conclusion that there is a remarkable degree of similarity, amounting in many important respects to substantial identity, in the grammatical structure of language over the whole vast area occupied by the Bantu races of Africa, from the Soudan to the Cape. And the stock of words common to all Bantu tribes, when recognized under their various dialectic disguises, will probably prove very considerable.

The officials, missionaries, traders, settlers and travellers of various nationalities who are qualified to give help in testing this conclusion by personal and first-hand study of a Bantu dialect are naturally difficult to reach—scattered in remote and often isolated spheres of work. It is therefore perhaps justifiable to ask publicity for the request, that persons so qualified and willing to accept and reply to a brief communication on the subject would send me their addresses at Fort Jameson, North Eastern Rhodesia. A. C. Madan,

Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

The British South Africa Company, Fort Jameson, Northeastern Rhodesia.

HERBERT SPENCER'S SUPPORTERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the allusion in your number of the 11th to the authorities who have endorsed Herbert Spencer's work, it is a little strange that you should have omitted Darwin's famous phrase: "We all bow the knee to Spencer."

That perhaps is not as curious, however, as was another circumstance of which it reminds me—that thirty or forty years ago "a very pretty quarrel" was stirred up in your columns, by your having permitted a gentleman whose field was æsthetics, to speak contemptuously of Spencer's reputation, because he was not an authority in each science that he had laid under contribution. It has just occurred to me that a philosopher's work is *necessarily* what original investigators like to call "second-hand"; for even if life were long enough to make it first-hand, while he would be getting up one department, his knowledge of the other departments would inevitably grow stale. As this very obvious consideration happened to escape the attention of the defence in the conflict in your columns, there is double reason for mentioning it now—unless I am the only man alive who remembers the occasion.

Henry Holt.

Burlington, Vt., October 19.

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. will soon publish the "Life and Letters of the first Earl of Durham," by Stuart J. Reid. This work is based on the papers at Lambton Castle, and deals with the Grey and Melbourne Cabinets, the Reform Bill, and other matters of that time.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have now ready "From Libau to Tsushima," which relates the voyage of Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet to the East, including an account of the Dogger Bank Incident. The author is Eugene S. Politovsky, chief engineer of the squadron, who was killed at the battle of Tsushima.

Walter L. Fleming, professor of history in West Virginia University, has prepared a "Documentary History of Reconstruction" from unpublished MSS. of all sorts. The work is put out by the Arthur H. Clark Co.

Volumes seven to ten bring to a con-

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clusion the Gettysburg edition of the Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln issued by Francis D. Tandy Co. We have already spoken of the quality of this edition, and take this occasion only to compliment the publishers on the completion of this handsome undertaking.

We are asked to state that the Bureau of Statistics and Municipal Library of Chicago has ready a souvenir volume recently published for the League of American Municipalities, which will be sent to all applicants upon receipt of 25 cents, to cover postage.

The two-volume "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," by his wife, has been reissued by the Macmillans in a single volume, without other change. One could wish that the process which has been applied to this excellent life might be applied to biographies generally in the first instance.

Two volumes in the handy little series published by A. S. Barnes & Co. contain "The Voyages and Explorations of Samuel de Champlain," translated by Annie Nettleton Bourne, together with "The Voyage of 1603," reprinted from "Purchas his Pilgrimes." An Introduction and Notes are furnished by Prof. E. G. Bourne.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have issued a new edition of Upton Sinclair's "King Midas," and also of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," which, the author assures us in the newly added Preface, "will always be read."

"Socialism," by Robert Flint (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott; London: Isaac Pitman), is a reprint, apparently without material alteration in the plates, of the work which the author brought out in 1894. In its original form the book was read with profit by many persons, and the recent growth of the Socialist movement makes the present volume a timely one. As becomes its author, "Socialism" is a philosophical essay upon cardinal points of doctrine, and does not deal with the history and present position of socialistic speculation or agitation.

B. F. Buck & Co. have published a new edition of "The Italian in America." No addition or change seems to have been made from the original edition except, possibly, mechanical ones, in the arrangement of chapters. This is to be regretted, as in the last two years a great deal of study, research, and experiment, regarding various phases of Italian immigration to this country, has been carried on, which might have well fitted in the present work. Indeed, the entire omission of such items as the investigation of conditions in the South by the Italian ambassador, the creation of the Italian Labor Bureau in New York, the extension of the legal protection of Italian immigrants by their Government, and the results of an aggressive policy against Italian peonage, constitutes a grave defect which renders many parts of the book out of date.

The field of the operations of the Carnegie Institution of Washington is wisely varied, as is seen in the fact that its fifty-third publication deals with questions of technical Oriental archæology and palæography from the land of the Nile. Dr. W. Max Müller has already made a name for himself as a student of the hieroglyphic writings, but not as an explorer. The present volume, "Egyptological Researches," embodying the results of a journey made in 1904, shows him in a new relation. The fact that he was working alone, without a corps of assistants, dictated the manner and matter of his activity. His work as here set forth is intensive rather than extensive. He spent his time, in part, in traversing anew some of the ground of previous explorers and correcting their results by rereading the old texts. This is particularly necessary, because reading Egyptian hieroglyphic writing is inherently difficult, and because some of the older publications were made by men whose acquaintance with the language was quite rudimentary as compared with the best knowledge of to-day. Dr. Müller divided his attention between the monuments found in the Museum in Cairo and those still *in situ* at Thebes. As might be expected from the subjects of the author's special previous studies and publications, those texts which have to do with the relations between Egypt and Asia or Europe claimed particular attention; and in this respect he has rendered valuable aid to students of early Biblical and Palestinian history by investigating the local names preserved in the hieroglyphic writing. The book consists of above two dozen monographs or essays on topics suggested by the texts which his tables contain, partly in photograph and partly in the graceful hieroglyphs in which the author is an adept, both as a copyist and an expounder.

The results of many years of patient and sympathetic study of the German peasant is embodied in A. l'Houet's "Zur Psychologie des Bauerntums," published in Tübingen by J. C. B. Mohr. L'Houet is a Protestant pastor who has sunk himself for fifteen years, many miles distant from the railway, in German peasant life, where he could find it at its purest. He would seem to be a man not only of real German capacity of devotion to one end, but also a student of wide learning and thorough mental grasp as well as a writer of unusual literary gifts. His essay is compared with Wilhelm Heinrich Riehl's productions in the history of culture for its largeness of view and firmness of grasp. In l'Houet's description of the German peasant one finds himself placed before a creature of distant ages, preserved as by miracle into the present time. The social and ethical unity of the village rather than of the individual takes one back to the times of David; and the tales of giants and demi-gods, the folklore yet in the making, show that the Middle Ages are not so distant as chronology would imply. L'Houet writes as a lover of the peasant, in whom he sees the German in his fresh, wild youth. Both the country pastor and the school teacher are charged with making a botch of their tasks, destroying the poetry and romance and deep native piety in the peasant soul under plea of removing relics of heathenism, but bringing in no compensating advantage. The book is likely to lead to more intelligent attention to the problems of the German peasantry.

On Christmas day, the ancient city of Todi will celebrate the six-hundredth anniversary of the death of one who was, perhaps, her most famous son, Fra Jacopone, "the jongleur of God." A new guide book to Todi is being prepared by Archdeacon Alvi; and, during the next few months, numerous monographs on Jacopone and his city may be expected to see the light. Already Prof. Annibale Tenneroni has published a learned article in the *Nuova Antologia*, of June 16, on "Le Laudi e Jacopone da Todi nel vi. centenario dalla sua morte," which will hereafter reappear as the Introduction to the "Lessico di Laudi e d'altre poesie religiose italiane nel medio evo," now in the press; while an able and exhaustive treatise by Prof. Giuseppe Galli on "Disciplinanti dell' Umbria del 1260 e le loro Laudi" has just been issued in the form of a special supplement to the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*. This work is divided into five chapters: "The Religious Movement of 1260, and the Disciplinants of Umbria," "The Codices of the Umbrian Lauds," "The Metre of the Lauds," "The Argument of the Lauds and their Authorship," "The Dramatic Lauds." It is, as far as we are aware, the only book in which any attempt has been made to give a full and systematic account of the Umbrian flagellants and their hymnology.

James Duff Brown's "Subject Classification" (London: Library Supply Company), a development of his "Adjustable Classification" published some years ago, is a solid and substantial piece of work which ought to be on every classifier's desk. His plan is more logical than the Decimal Classification, and its notation is less formidable than that of the Expansive. Mr. Brown's system has some very decided peculiarities, but contains no such absurdities of arrangement as, *e. g.*, the classes 330 (Political Economy) and 650 (Communication and Commerce) of the Decimal Classification. The class Generalia, containing, among others, such subjects as Education, Logic, Mathematics, and Graphic and Plastic Arts, is certainly open to criticism, and to put Bibliography, Printing, and Library History and Economy in the middle of the system with Language and Literature, is awkward from a practical point of view, no matter what might be its logic. Less objectionable, though more conspicuously contrary to all previous schemes, is the arrangement of the divisions in the class Physical Sciences, where Physics, Engineering, Architecture, Railways, Transport, Naval and Military Science, Electricity, Optics, Heat, Acoustics, Music, Astronomy, etc., are put together in this order. These and similar groupings, the author says in his most interesting and valuable Introduction, "are departures from the convention that there exists a clear difference between theory and practice, pure and applied science, and so on, which renders their amalgamation undesirable." A notable feature of this classification is the notation, which was devised after the system of classification had been worked out, and consequently has been adjusted to the system instead of the system being adjusted to the notation. The notation consists of 24 letters of the alphabet, each subdivided by the numbers 000 to 999, with provision for further subdivision. On the whole, Mr. Brown's classification allows more free scope to the individual classifier than any other system we know of—and his notation is not copyrighted.

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Among the more interesting items of library legislation enacted by the different States during the past year are the following: Ohio provides for the establishment and maintenance by taxation of county library systems. The act is an attempt to solve the library problem of the rural community. This State has also created the office of "library organizer," whose duty shall be "to furnish advice and information to persons interested in libraries, to visit the public libraries of the State, and to assist in promoting and starting new libraries." In Virginia a comprehensive system of travelling libraries has been inaugurated, whereby every school district of the State may be supplied. In South Carolina a way has been indicated for the solution of the negro problem as related to the library, in a special act applying to the township of Union. This provides that when the colored people of the township shall have furnished a suitable building and equipment for a library, "a just and suitable amount of money shall be appropriated by the aldermen for its support."

Plans for the next American Library Association meeting, to be held in Asheville, N. C., the latter part of May, are well under way, and the main features of the programme have already been decided upon. The general theme of the conference will be "The Use of Books," and advocates of different classes of literature, such as science, history, art, fiction, will each be given an opportunity to discuss his favorite field.

That the rubbish of one generation becomes the treasures of the next is exemplified in the case of a series of illustrated street directories of New York which were printed, primarily as advertisements, in 1848, 1849, and 1850. The plan was to show in the form of a panorama both sides of the street, the occupants of the buildings being advertised by the signs on the fronts. The most interesting of these was the directory of Broadway entitled "Jones & Newman's Pictorial Directory of New York," which extends as far up as Worth Street. It was issued in four parts, "Price 25 cents each." Other street directories which were issued in a similar form, were Wall, Williams, Fulton, and Maiden Lane. These curious works are now of the greatest rarity and command $50 to $75 each. They contain views of New York buildings which are apparently not found in any other form.

C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will offer at auction during the coming season another portion of the collection of New England imprints and manuscripts made by James Terry of Hartford. In March, 1889, Mr. Terry sold a few hundred items from his collection, many of which brought record prices.

At the Social Education Congress to be held in Boston Thanksgiving week, the programme includes mass meetings, devoted to the following topics: Friday afternoon, "Education for Citizenship"; Friday evening, "The School as a Social Organism"; Saturday afternoon, "The School and the Family"; Saturday evening, "Industrial Education"; Sunday evening, "The Education of the Conscience." Section meetings will be arranged in the mornings on the following topics: "University and School Extension," "Health Education," "Special Classes for Troublesome Children," "Industrial Education," "Commercial Education," "Self-Organized Group Work in the Schools," "Social Training in Infancy and Early Childhood." Among the speakers thus far announced are Gov. Curtis Guild, jr., Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston, Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago; Chancellor E. B. Andrews of the University of Nebraska, Mayor Z. R. Brockway of Elmira, Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, superintendent of the Philadelphia schools; President K. L. Butterfield of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, F. P. Fish, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, Dr. J. P. Haney, supervisor of art and manual training, New York city; W. S. Jackman, principal of the School of Education, University of Chicago; Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell, President Henry Lefavour of Simmons College, Prof. S. M. Lindsay of the University of Pennsylvania, Sir Alfred Mosely of England, the Most Rev. W. H. O'Connell, archbishop coadjutor of Massachusetts; Miss H. M. Orcutt, president of the New York Kindergarten Association; Herbert Putnam, librarian of Congress; Prof. C. R. Richards of Columbia, Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard, Mrs. Frederick Schoff, president of the National Congress of Mothers; President W. O. Thompson of the University of Ohio, F. A. Vanderlip, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York; Dr. W. P. Wilson, director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, and Mrs. M. S. Woolman, director of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls.

A notable event in Russian journalism was the recent celebration of its fortieth anniversary by the leading monthly of the country, the *Westnik Jewropy* (the *Messenger of Europe*); at the same time its founder and editor during these decades, Michael Stassulewitz, celebrated his eightieth birthday. The journal has pursued a moderately liberal policy, at all times advocating the necessity of a constitutional government. The editor, who also plays a prominent rôle in public affairs, has been particularly active in school reforms, and has been compelled frequently to suffer on account of his liberal views, although, on account of his high standing in the confidence of the people, the reactionary party has never ventured to treat him with extreme harshness.

Dr. Maitland Thompson, though he will retire from the position of curator in His Majesty's General Register House, Edinburgh, will continue his work in Scottish records. He will be succeeded by the Rev. John Anderson, the assistant curator.

The foreign papers bring news of the death of two European scholars and authors. The first is Karl Emich, aged fifty-one, Graf zu Leiningen-Westerburg, the author of several historical and heraldic works, among them "Die Leiningschen Wappen und Siegel," "Historische Blätter aus dem alten Leininger Land," etc. He was the owner of a large collection of ex-libris, which, according to the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, he has left to the Germanische Museum of Nuremberg. The second is Louis Auguste Himly, *doyen honoraire* of the Faculté des Lettres of Paris, where he was for many years professor. He was born at Strasburg in 1823, and educated at the École des Chartes. He was elected to the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques in 1884, in succession to Mignet. He was an authority on the Carlovingian period, concerning which he published a number of studies. His greatest work was the "Histoire de la Formation territoriale des États de l'Europe Centrale," issued in 1876.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

At the present rate of appearance of topographical books about England, there will soon be no corner, no brook, no fieldpath undescribed and painted or photographed. John Henry Garrett's "The Idyllic Avon" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is one of the most thorough of its kind. A party of three spent a whole summer in a boat on the Avon, navigating that stream from Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire to Stratford-on-Avon, a distance of fifty miles. Something over 250 pages and 89 full-page illustrations are devoted to that stretch of Avon's banks and riverside villages, with which the reader becomes extremely intimate. Stratford is the goal, but those who weary of this well-trodden spot will find the descriptions and pictures of the vale of Evesham and the charming remote villages of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire more to their taste. The text of such a book is usually merely the excuse for stringing together a number of good amateur photographs, but Mr. Garrett knew how to collect antiquarian information, and his tale of an English village is nearly always interesting, though the houses where King Charles hid or slept come with sickening frequency. There are, we regret to say, thirty songs and ballads contributed by Mr. Garrett or one of his party at intervals during the journey. We have a decided feeling that it is not fair to the reader to publish one's verse in this way. There is much welcome information about wild flowers. The book is well got up and the illustrations excellent.

To their charming series of topographical books, illustrated in color, Messrs. A. & C. Black (New York: The Macmillan Co.) have added "Surrey," by A. Hope Moncrieff, painted by Sutton Palmer. Surrey is the most attractive and varied of the "home" counties, the Cockney paradise. But for all its tea-gardens and bungalows and motor-buses, and those innumerable residences of well-to-do citizens, which, even in the days of Pepys, were planted along its sandy ridges, Surrey has still many an "ancient haunt of peace." Its silent pools and winding rivers, the lesser streams of the Wey and the Mole, escape the tripper and breathe the atmosphere of Devon. These enchanting by-ways Mr. Moncrieff explored, following also the course of the too well-known Thames. He takes us along all the main roads, to all the more important country seats, and to the summits of heights, such as Leith Hill, from all of which one may see London lying there like a busy ant-hill, never to be kept out of the scenery. The chief charm of Surrey is her Downs, a little neglected by the

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present writer. Mr. Kipling is always at his best when his imagination is stirred by the romance of places that have seen the restless tribes of men come and go. Mr. Moncrieff might have drawn on the poem in which he describes the early Briton who haunted the folds of the Downs before the Roman invasion. All that is essential is unchanged since Tegumai hunted there:

> On Merrow Down the cuckoo's cry,
> The silence and the sun remain.

Even the suburban settler cannot spoil these great spaces. Mr. Palmer's full-page colored illustrations are fully up to the standard of the series.

"Warwickshire," painted by Fred Whitehead and described by Clive Holland (the Macmillan Co.), is another of A. & C. Black's series with full-page color illustrations. As usual the pictures are charming, though we fail to grasp the significance of the tags of Shaksperian quotation, with which each one is labelled; this strikes one as a superfluous effort to remind the reader that he is in the poet's country. The get-up of the volume is most attractive. Mr. Holland's account of the district is concerned less with Warwickshire's highways and byways than her towns and larger villages, such as Birmingham, Coventry, Stratford, Henley, and the rest. These are described with great detail, and especial attention to their earlier history and the part they played in the successive civil wars. This preoccupation with human interests leaves an opening for a second volume which should be devoted to "leafy Warwickshire's" splendid trees, her lovely lanes and streams, and her preëminently agricultural interests.

One hundred good photographs and an excellent map go far to justify the existence of Henry Wellington Wack's "In Thamesland" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The author traces the course of the Thames from its source (not undisputed) in Gloucestershire to London. His travelling was done mainly in a canoe, and he has much to say, though little that is flattering, about the quality of the riverside inns. It is curious to remark how in the early stages of his course Mr. Wack, who is an American tourist, regards England as a place to be sorrowed over, "a land of white slaves and blind masters" (p. 70), a land "in which the entire educational system is striving mightily in the wrong direction" (p. 71); while he cannot see a peaceful village without commiserating the population of decaying old men who have had to see their sons and daughters swallowed by the towns or slain in the Boer war. When he nears London, however, his tone changes, and the English are a "virile race," "a people whose glory cannot be adequately acknowledged by word or memorial" (p. 368). It is as though size and crowds were needed to impress Mr. Wack with the greatness of a nation. He has not the style or the point of view necessary for the writer of an interesting topographical book. He is too personal; too much concerned with the way in which he and his companion were treated at inns and elsewhere, too prone to relate rather foolish anecdotes of other American tourists whom he encountered. The book is, in fact, one to make an Englishman shudder, and to depress even more the American who has been over the same ground.

Monsignor the Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod, Hungarian by birth and a traveller thoroughly familiar with Europe, journeyed through Asiatic Russia and several countries of the Far East previously to the Russo-Japanese war. He has collected his notes and recollections, some of which had already appeared as magazine articles, under the title "Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea, and Japan" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). As envoy of His Holiness the Pope, he had interviews with the four rulers most talked about a year or two ago. None need, however, seek in this book for penetrating insight or for fresh and exact information. His interviews with the emperors seem to have been of the most perfunctory character. Few of the author's statements go above the level of those of the average hasty traveller, who accepts uncritically any story which is interesting. For one example of many, monsignor does not seem to know that the drum hung in front of the royal palace at Seul, and struck by petitioners, was common to all countries under Chinese influences or tradition. The fires nightly lighted on the Korean mountains were telegraphic signals from distant points on the coast, and not methods of attracting the king's attention to a petitioner. It is a pity that some expert could not have read the proofs and presented more of the proper names in correct form, even though the book is extraordinarily impersonal. Illustrations are for the most part already familiar. It cannot be said that the postscript in a final chapter throws much light on the situation; the author even thinks that "the peace of Portsmouth does not alter the status quo from what it was after the treaty of Shimonoseki." Yet, despite these criticisms, the style of the author is easy and his text entertaining. The average reader will surely be delighted with these experiences of a gentleman of kindly heart who adds to a pleasing style the graces of a cosmopolitan traveller.

RELIGION AND BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

Prof. William Newton Clarke of Colgate University, author of several theological works of wide circulation and considerable influence, is at work upon a volume to be entitled, "The Christian Doctrine of God," which he has promised for the International Theological Library. Dr. Clarke is one of the most eminent of living American teachers of doctrinal theology. His literary activity began rather late in life, starting with a modest volume of outlines of his lectures to classes of theological students. The unassuming book was privately printed and designed chiefly for the use of his pupils, but it was discovered by outsiders, and, after thorough revision by the author, was issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. It met with immediate success, and has attained greater popularity than any work of its class in recent years. In Great Britain an enthusiastic notice by the late Dr. Marcus Dods brought it into wide favor. The appearance of the "Outline" was very opportune, since treatises handling Christian doctrine in anything like a thorough manner had become altogether out of date, and the books which were appearing from the newer point of view were fragmentary, partial, and altogether unsatisfactory. Though published in 1898, the "Outline" retains its place as the best systematic exposition of Christian belief of the moderately orthodox school. Since that time Dr. Clarke has issued a volume of lectures which he delivered at Harvard, entitled "Can We Believe in God the Father?" a book on the modern motive for foreign missions, and also a series of Yale lectures on "The Use of the Scriptures in Theology." The latter may be taken to mark the epoch of the definite renunciation of the proof-text method in American systematic theology. Dr. Clarke's present task is the most serious one he has attempted, and if he succeeds in producing a book on the subject of Christian theism of the clearness and force which have characterized his other undertakings, he will have made an important contribution to American theological science.

Prof. George F. Genung's commentary on Leviticus and Numbers (Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society) is a clear and practical exposition of those books for laymen. The subject gives little occasion for the display of that paradoxical ingenuity which marks his works on Job and Ecclesiastes. There is a touch of the same spirit, however, in the suggestion that the conception of sin as a substance—the common savage notion—is a more developed idea than the ethical conception, and that the idea of sin as defilement was one of Israel's permanent contributions to the world's thought. Even in a popular commentary, greater familiarity with Jewish ritual tradition on the one side and with the religious notions and practices of other peoples on similar planes of culture would often stand the interpreter in good stead. The Hebrew words scattered through the notes are frequently reproduced in surprising transliteration, such as *qārbān, hiqtîr* (*qorbān, hiqtîr*).

In "The Book of Job in the Revised Version," edited with introductions and brief annotations (Oxford: Clarendon Press), Prof. S. R. Driver has provided an admirable aid to the reading of the Book of Job in the Revised Version. The introduction sets forth, briefly and lucidly, the problem of the book and its structure, and adds helpful suggestions on the use of the marginal notes of the revisers. The text is broken into paragraphs; the headings of these sections, in italics, furnish a running synopsis of the contents and analysis of the argument. The notes show a wise parsimony; the author's aim is to enable the reader to understand as he reads, without diverting his attention from the poem to the commentary. It is needless to say that judicious scholarship and mature reflection are manifest in every line.

Bishop Potter of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, in addition to his obvious opportunities for meeting eminent prelates while serving a metropolitan see, also, as secretary of the House of Bishops for many years, had exceptional opportunity to study the Episcopal overseers. Impressed of late with the value of anecdotal material and the personalia of great men as they shed light on character, he has

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brought up from the wells of his memory "Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), which has an excellent collection of stories. Some studies of character, while not exhaustive, are illuminating; by far the best is one on Bishop Dudley of Kentucky, who was a humanist to the end, never allowing the office to cramp and cabin the man. Bishop Potter has not refrained from disclosures respecting the use of tobacco and liquor by bishops, including himself, which will subject him to still further denunciation by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The net result of the book is to prove that ecclesiastics are like other men, in having a saving sense of humor, in regard for substance rather than for form in religion, and in emphasis upon character rather than on possessions. The treatment of the men described in some cases is sketchy and thin, and in no case is there any such triumph of character-portrayal as James Bryce has given us of Bishop James Fraser in his "Studies of Contemporary Biography." Principal Fairbairn, when Canon Gore was made Bishop of Worcester, said that he did not think the more of him for being made a bishop, but he did think all the better of bishops now that he was one; and in some such mood even a conteminer of bishops may arise from this book, since it discloses persons, a majority of whom were men first and always.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

A History of the Reformation. By Thomas M. Lindsay, M.A., D.D.—I. The Reformation in Germany from the beginning to the Religious Peace of Augsburg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The first thing to be said about this volume is that it is no mere compilation. Dr. Lindsay is well within bounds when he writes: "My excuse, if excuse be needed, for venturing on the field is that the period is one to which I have devoted special attention for many years, and that I have read and re-read most of the original contemporary sources of information. While full use has been made of the labors of predecessors in the same field, no chapter in the volume, save that on the political condition of Europe, has been written without constant reference to contemporary evidence." In treating the Lutheran Reformation, any one who can read German has before him a vast body of erudite, but uncoordinated monographs. These Dr. Lindsay uses with great effect, but, as indicated above, his chief reliance is upon original documents of essential importance.

The work has many merits, but in our opinion its most distinctive feature is the careful analysis of social and religious life in Germany on the eve of the Protestant revolt. Here Dr. Lindsay accentuates the existence of evangelical piety inside the Latin Church—not confined to saints and mystics, but widely diffused among those of the common people who regarded religion seriously, and not as something which meant pilgrimages, miracle plays, and other ecclesiastical junkets. We shall not multiply details, but the point seems well taken that there were many people in whose eyes Lutheran doctrines when first proclaimed were self-evident truths. This appears to us the central idea of Dr. Lindsay's book. "The great Reformation had its roots in the simple evangelical piety which had never entirely disappeared in the mediæval church. Luther's teaching was recognized by thousands to be no startling novelty, but something which they had always at heart believed, though they might not have been able to formulate it."

As for Luther himself, Dr. Lindsay's views have already found expression in the article he contributed to the "Cambridge Modern History." Here, again, the nucleus of the discussion is to be found in a single idea. Luther succeeded because the world could see faith incarnate when it regarded him. In the words of Dürer's "Tagebuch," he was "the pious man," "the follower of the Lord and of the true Christian faith," "the man enlightened by the Holy Spirit." Lord Acton has told us how Döllinger, opposed though he was to Luther's *falsche Imputationslehre*, used to defend him against some of the common accusations:

> When people said of Luther that he does not come well out of his matrimonial advice to certain potentates, to Henry and to Philip, of his exhortations to exterminate the revolted peasantry, of his passage from a confessor of toleration to a teacher of intolerance, Döllinger would not have the most powerful conductor of religion that Christianity has produced in eighteen centuries condemned for two pages in a hundred volumes.

If one of the most eminent Catholic historians could thus absolve Luther from conscious antinomianism, one need not expect from Dr. Lindsay a lesser degree of willingness to judge the reformer's character by its strongest rather than its weakest features. Philip of Hesse's bigamy is, of course, a test case. No other act so damaged the reputation of Protestant theologians as their refusal to accuse of vice the prince whose aid seemed indispensable to their cause. Dr. Lindsay at once acquits Luther of trimming his sails to suit a friend and ally, and finds the explanation of his conduct in that fondness for tradition, which coexisted with his reverence for the Bible:

> The Church had been accustomed to say that it possessed a dispensing power in matrimonial causes of extreme difficulty; and, in spite of his denunciations of the dispensations granted by the Roman Curia, Luther never denied the power. On the contrary, he thought honestly that the Church did possess this power of dispensation even to the length of tampering with a fundamental law of Christian society, provided it did not contradict a *positive* scriptural command to the contrary.

We have touched upon one or two points which seem salient in Dr. Lindsay's view of the Reformation as a religious movement, and of Luther's part in it. The political aspects of the revolt from Rome receive less attention than would be given them by most historians, but we must remember that, being a contribution to the "International Theological Library," this volume is bound to insist upon the theological motive. After sketching the antecedents of Protestantism and its progress to the Peace of Augsburg, the work concludes with an excellent section, entitled "The Religious Principles inspiring the Reformation." The chief topics which Dr. Lindsay considers under this heading are the universal priesthood of believers, justification by faith, the Bible, the person of Christ, and the Church. Throughout it is Lutheranism that receives the lion's share of attention, but the comparative method is freely used, and, in a complicated tangle of doctrines, no typical opinion is suffered to drop out of sight altogether. On the strength of first-hand knowledge, excellent arrangement, and thoughtfulness, this book deserves the most respectful attention. It is well adapted for use in the senior grades of university teaching.

A Political History of the State of New York. By De Alva Stanwood Alexander. Two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $5.

The author who sets out to solve the problem which James Parton aptly called "that most unfathomable of subjects, the politics of the State of New York," has before him a task requiring at once the perseverance of an antiquarian, the discernment of a political philosopher, the impartiality of a judge, and the sympathetic devotion of an enthusiast. If the author of the present volumes has not all these qualities in sufficient quantity to give his work the title "definitive," he has at any rate given us a very useful history. Indeed, even if it were not as well done as it is, the fact that it covers a practically unoccupied field would give the book a certain value. For Jabez D. Hammond's history bearing the same title was completed in 1848, and Hammond himself was too close to the events which he described and too intimately related to the principal actors to be exactly fair or impartial. Yet despite its long-windedness Hammond's history remains a rich storehouse. Of this wealth of undigested material Mr. Alexander has availed himself.

The two volumes begin with the adoption of John Jay's constitution, and the establishment of the State Government in 1777, and close with the outbreak of the Civil War. In his preface the author tells us that he hopes, in a third volume, to carry the narrative down to 1896. The selection of 1777 as a starting point, although justified by the title, makes the beginning somewhat abrupt. A detailed exposition of existing political forces would have afforded a much better understanding of the course of events during the early years of Statehood. The author has, however, a clearly defined method to which he adheres faithfully. This method is best explained in his preface:

> The history of a State or nation is largely the history of a few leading men, and it is of such men only, with some of their more important contemporaries, that the author has attempted to write. It would be hard to find in any commonwealth of the Union a more interesting or picturesque leadership than is presented in the political history of the Empire State. Rarely more than two controlling spirits appear at a time, and as these pass into apogee, younger men of approved capacity are ready to take their places.

A writer who starts with that thesis runs a risk of conjuring up "controlling spirits" where there are none, and this danger Mr. Alexander has not entirely escaped. The mantle of power did not always find shoulders waiting for it. When Jay and Hamilton passed from the stage and the Anti-Federalist leadership de-

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scended from George Clinton to his nephew, De Witt, the latter did not for many years find either among the Federalists or the factional leaders of his own party any single man who was anything like his match. At a later period, after Van Buren's forced retirement, when the Democratic party was split over the slavery question, Horatio Seymour was a long time in bringing the warring factions under his control. It is difficult too, to find such an example of a single powerful leader in the Whig and Republican parties during the years of the Weed-Seward-Greeley triumvirate. Nevertheless, it is remarkable how near to the truth Mr. Alexander's picture of the constant warring of two predominant personalities remains.

A history written on such a plan is perforce interesting, if for no other reason than because men are more attractive than institutions. Mr. Alexander has not neglected his opportunity, and his pages are enlivened and enriched by numerous pen-pictures of New York politicians and statesmen, which constitute what are perhaps the most valuable, as well as the most entertaining, portions. The style is terse and clear. The story is well told, and good use is made of anecdotes and reminiscences, which are not, however, allowed to clog the narrative. The author breaks away absolutely from the annalistic form in which so much of our history that is not monographic is still written. His attention is directed to periods rather than years. The apportionment of space depends so much on the point of view that it is difficult to criticise it. The fact that approximately 350 out of 400 pages in Volume I. are devoted to the struggle between the Clintons and their political opponents may be excused on the score that their personalities really dominated politics for a half-century. But that the last eleven chapters of the second volume should be taken up almost entirely with the years 1859-60, when national and not State politics controlled, is less comprehensible.

In his endeavor to get away from all local history in contradistinction to the larger field of State politics, the author has fallen into the error of neglecting to take full account of political events in New York city and their influence on the State. He does scant justice to the growth and development of Tammany, the power of which was already recognized "up-State" in the first quarter of the last century. It may be that the author's theory of the dominant power of personality allows him to minimize the importance of such significant movements as those of the Equal Rights party, the Anti-Renters, and the Anti-Masons, the origin of which could not be traced to some "controlling spirit."

There are some misstatements that show carelessness of detail. In Volume I., pages 45 and 47, the statement is made that Burr had already (1789) served two terms in the Legislature, whereas he had only been a member of the Assembly of 1784-85. Gideon Granger was not a member of the Cabinet, as stated on page 202 of Volume I. The postmaster-general was only made a Cabinet officer in 1829, when President Jackson's needs demanded it. E. D. Morgan was chairman of the Republican national committee from 1856 to 1864, but was never chairman of a Republican national convention, as the author states, in Volume II., page 248.

What Mr. Alexander has done is to give an interesting, although, perhaps, a too uncritical, account of political leaders and events in a field of American history that was practically unoccupied. To the reader, who has hitherto found it impossible to get anything like a general idea of early New York politics in a single work, the volumes should prove a boon.

RECENT FICTION.

The Dream and the Business. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This novel was already in press when its brilliant author suddenly died. It may well enough stand as her monument, for it suggests everything characteristic in her substance and manner. It says, perhaps, quite all that the next generation will care to hear of Mrs. Craigie. On this point one cannot affect to speak with certainty, since cleverness is so often merely a veil or a distraction which time may sweep away.

The publishers have given the volume conspicuousness by setting it between exceedingly garish, even lurid, covers, and by securing an introduction from the hand of the Hon. Joseph H. Choate. This is more properly an obituary note than, as the publisher tags it, "an appreciation of Mrs. Craigie as woman and author." Mr. Choate was a personal friend of Mrs. Craigie. He speaks of the freshness and piquancy of her conversation, and proceeds:

> The same qualities imparted to what she wrote and what she said a marked lightness and delicacy of touch, which was perhaps the most striking feature of her literary character, and her chaste and fastidious taste so controlled and permeated her thoughts and feelings that one can read all her many books from beginning to end without finding a word or sentiment to offend the most delicate standard.

All, we observe, in the best obituary manner, which is for critical purposes the worst manner possible.

Some score of years ago Mrs. Craigie captivated the world of English novel-readers by her first appearance in fiction. American born, French bred, she found her proper home in England. London seized and held her as it had seized and held Mr. James. And in turn she captured London with her sallies. She flashed, she sparkled, she was knowing and taking, and in all senses smart. She did extremely well what was hardly worth doing. She was, in short, a soubrette whose daring parlor performances won the approbation of the "smartest" people. Mrs. Craigie's standard is the standard of *convenance*, and much of her charm is due to the grace and skill with which she manœuvres upon the ragged edge of *inconvenance*. Sex is her absorbing theme, and more especially the perils of matrimony as experienced by the socially elect. In this last novel of hers "the dream" is love, inconsiderate of barriers religious, financial, or social; "the business" is life shorn of illusion, accepting love no longer as a delirium or an inspiration, but as a rather mournful problem. None of the persons in this story, wed or unwed, find lasting happiness in love. But the wed, we are given to understand, have clearly the worse of a bad choice.

Both looked resigned and at the stage in unsatisfactory human relationships when the pair, having exhausted their mutual dislike, were almost attached to each other by a common bond of suffering.

They were seldom in complete sympathy, and they were drifting by degrees into the calm friendship of those who, having no illusion about each other, also never blend.

Tessa dared not tell herself that they were friends who, in marriage, were mismated; domestic both, they failed to appeal to each other's particular kind of domesticity.

So our various wedded pairs are described; or, by way of generalization, thus: "A set composed of rich, agreeable couples who lived to amuse themselves and each other, without scandal if possible, but at any rate with audacity."

One of these discontented couples is actually restored to some sort of union. This happy consummation is led up to by a long interview, in which varied causes of discontent are thoroughly threshed over. Each of them, incidentally, confesses an inclination for an outsider. It is hard to take these persons seriously; they are not persons, but variously costumed interlocutors. They are all clever, sophisticated, desirous of compunctions and half-shades of feeling; capable of paradox and epigram. There are "good things" of the latter sort to catch the eye on every hand:

> One of the most sincere men I know has run away with his neighbor's wife, robbed his best friend, and drinks too much habitually. He would despise a moral person, and think him mad or a hypocrite.

> Women like display of feeling, not its depths.

> The arts are but drugs for the disappointed imagination.

> People who wished to regard divine Providence as an English gentleman of large fortune, perfect morals, an anxiety to frustrate the foreigner, and a wish to feed, rather than to meet, the poor, were disturbed by Firmalden's fear of God, which to some seemed superstition, and to others ill-advised.

Only a few years ago Mrs. Craigie became a convert to the Roman faith; and it is not surprising that this last novel, in its most serious aspect, should be a sort of quiet brief for the Church as the only sure refuge for the heart-weary and worldly-wise. Carnival or Lent—these are the poles of her experience; one perceives something rather middle class about simple human happiness. The smart world deserves to be chronicled, like other worlds; but too much may be made of its artificial complexities. Sophistication, standing in wonder at its own reflected image, is not a theme for song.

Sophy of Kravonia. By Anthony Hope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Hawkins cannot be called mute, yet as to the note that he sounded in "The Prisoner of Zenda" his harp mouldering long has hung. His Rupert was hardly more than a spurious claimant to the affectionate interest aroused by the former book. In "Sophy of Kravonia," however, there comes a lawful heir to enthusiasm. In no way connected with its honored forerunner, it pulls at the same heartstrings. By a reversal it is now an English woman whose fortunes knot themselves up with those of a mythi-

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cal kingdom, yet there is nothing mythical about Sophy, though everything that is original. She is a genuine and most charming person, with "her masculine mind and her feminine soul"—described by an admirer as being "like a singularly able and energetic sunbeam." The whole eventful story is so well knit that each marvel seems not only possible but almost inevitable, from the childhood of Sophy Grouch, daughter of an Essex farmer, till the time when she sits in the dwellings of kings, and wears the sheepskin tunic of the shepherd subjects of her prince. The conspiracy which thickens the plot is capitally developed, and long before the matter is solved the reader has quite forgotten that at the outset there was a certain sense of oppressiveness in the very serious marshalling of documentary evidence, as if for the history of a nation or the biography of a nation's hero.

Listener's Lure. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It is pleasant to relax from the strain of romantic or psychological narrative in the presence of a bit of good comedy cast in the despised and almost obsolescent epistolary form. The truth is, our pampered jades of fiction have learned to demand a free rein; without the power to invent their own forms, to describe and to comment and narrate as the spirit moves, they would reckon themselves hardly better off than mere dramatists. The people who write these letters are all delightful and all different; and the story in which they collaborate, while of no essential novelty, is agreeable, and seems true. There is a guardian unconsciously in love with his ward, and a ward unconsciously in love with her guardian. He magnanimously sends her away that she may have a chance to fall undesirably in love with somebody else. She goes so far as to make a false start in that direction, but recovers her footing in time, and everything is as it should be. This might easily be tame, but the central affair is so enlivened by the commentary of several subsidiary persons, both wise and foolish, as to achieve a really fresh savor. Especially invaluable is a garrulous and inconsequent lady of the order of Jane Austen's Mrs. Bates. With her we are loath to part when the customary wedding bells ring down the curtain.

Ridolfo: The Coming of the Dawn. By Egerton R. Williams, jr. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is sub-entitled "A Tale of the Renaissance." The characters are fictitious, but their names and their deeds and their surroundings are borrowed from the histories of "The Magnificent Baglioni," long the ferocious despots of Perugia. Ridolfo himself is suggested by the greatest of the Baglioni, Gianpaolo, who to his strength and violence added an element of magnanimity. The book tells of the culmination of Ridolfo's cruelties, the dawning of a conscience, and the triumph of his better self through the love of a saintly wife and the martyrdom of a Franciscan monk. The proper moment to read the tale is when the brain is fagged with books of trivial twentieth-century grievances and perplexities. Crimes and virtues are on a sweeping scale. Oaths broken at will; a dagger for the annoying meddler, a cup of poison for the interceding wife, have a definiteness that alternates well with the niggling problem of to-day's fiction. The torture chamber may try the nerves, but it was perhaps necessary that the reader should see what Ridolfo saw in order to understand his conversion.

The author has searched well the history of Italy and the fifteenth century, and has his splendors and brutalities drawn up in effective contrast. His Fra Bernardo, based upon that saint Bernardino who came to Perugia in 1425, is a noble type of the followers of the Saint of Assisi, giving his labor and his life for the revival of the spirit of kindness. Gismonda, the compassionate, long-suffering wife of the tyrant, conquering by love and righteousness, is not more than the others a portrait of any one person, but a reflection of the womanly inspiration that was not lacking to even that dark period. The book is a vivid picture where the high color is offset, perhaps mercifully, by the careful, leisurely, sermonizing treatment. While the story never flags, there is time for much description of persons, things and situations, of costumes and armor, in an equal absence of haste and rest. It leaves a strong and even valuable impression of an age which it is well to look back at, not only when modern puzzles seem petty, but when modern civilization seems defective.

Some Reminiscences of William Michael Rossetti. Two volumes. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. $10 net.

It may as well be said explicitly that these memoirs are a disappointment. They contain an unconscionable deal of matter for which even the present fashion of indiscriminate autobiography can furnish no justification—details about the servants in the Rossetti household, the illness of his wife and children, domestic concerns of all sorts. Nor are the omissions any less annoying than the excesses. Only last year Holman Hunt published, under the somewhat presumptuous title of "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," an autobiography the burden of which was to prove that the writer was the founder and only faithful member of the P. R. B. It was easy to read between the lines that Mr. Hunt was jealous of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and not averse to belittling his fame. Naturally one looked in the present work to see some rejoinder, implied or expressed, to those rather egotistic assumptions. Apparently Mr. Rossetti has not even read that work; we gather, indeed, that his own record was completed in 1903, although the Preface is dated 1906, and includes the mention of the Complete Poetical Works of Christina Rossetti, which he edited in 1904. But the omission of any allusion to Hunt's autobiography or to the "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones" (1904) is not the most serious fault. The fact is that Mr. Rossetti has in various memoirs and introductions given out all his wheat and that only the chaff is left for this garnering. He is kind enough to give in the Preface a list of his earlier writings, and this is well; but it is annoying, just when we are approaching an interesting topic, to be warned off with a reference to number 16 or 17 of his other writings.

For page after page we have a *catalogue raisonné* of Mr. Rossetti's acquaintance among artists and men of letters, to each of whom he devotes a paragraph of characterization. His opinions are just, and may have some value in this form as a kind of personal "Who's Who," but they make dull reading. Here and there a bit of more entertaining gossip slips in. Thus there is a whole chapter given to the story of Christina Rossetti and Charles Cayley, which is necessary for a proper understanding of Christina's sonnet-sequence named "Monna Innominata," and for the Italian poems "Il Rosseggiar dell' Oriente." In the earlier memoir Mr. Rossetti left this affair somewhat in the vague, saying distinctly: "Of several details in the second case—though important to a close understanding of it—I never was cognizant." He now states more emphatically that the only bar between the lovers was Christina's refusal to bind herself to an unbeliever.

It is a pity that Mr. Rossetti's fire has been thus scattered, for his relation to his brother and sister and to the whole circle of pre-Raphaelites might have furnished him with material for one really valuable and interesting book. As it is, if one wishes to get some notion of the dæmonic quality of Dante Gabriel and of his strange influence on that group of ardent reformers, the best source is not the "Reminiscences" of his brother, but the two volumes in which Mrs. Burne-Jones has published the "Memorials" of her husband.

The most interesting of the characterizations are those of Burne-Jones, who is portrayed as rather effeminate; of Swinburne, and of Trelawny. Perhaps the best anecdote is that which shows the state of canting prudery in England when Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" came out. The story may be given in Mr. Rossetti's own words:

In 1868, Mr. Legros exhibited in the Royal Academy an excellent picture of some monks or friars at their repast—called The Refectory. There was a tabby cat painted in the picture. In that year was published a pamphlet of Notes on the art of the season. Mr. Swinburne wrote one section of it, and I the other. Swinburne—who is a great lover of cats (a fancy which I share with him), and also (a fancy which I only very faintly share) of serpents—wrote of this painted quadruped as "a splendid cat." The picture was bought—presumably before Swinburne's eulogium had appeared—by a person of some distinction. Many years afterwards, in 1895, I had occasion to look at this painting in the house of the heir of the original purchaser. To my surprise, the cat had disappeared. "Why," said I, "there used to be a cat in that corner of the picture." "Yes," replied the owner, "there was; but my predecessor, on seeing that Swinburne had found a good word to say for the cat, got her obliterated forthwith."

An Introduction to Logic. By Horace William Brindley Joseph. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

It is surprising in what a variety of ways the different schools of logic of our day endeavor to lay the foundations of their science. One appeals chiefly to mathematics, another to metaphysics, a third to the general notion of a sign, a fourth and fifth to this and that branch of psychology,

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a sixth to linguistics, a seventh to the history of science; and still the list is incomplete; and there is an equal disagreement as to the business of logic. The school to which Mr. Joseph seems to give his adherence, which is that of the majority of English logicians, is none of those just mentioned; for it troubles itself very little with any questions of method, but just goes its way, scattering opinions upon points of logic, and attaching to this one and to that any reason that may suggest itself. Such promiscuity of method might be expected to issue in great variations among the doctrines of the different members of the school; and it is true that some of its adherents—Miss Constant Jones, for example, and Alfred Sidgwick—have written books of marked originality, which readers who dip into the subject without diving too deep find very suggestive. The greater number, however, among them the author of this volume, are led, by whatever unseen and inscrutable power it may be, to reproduce in the main the divisions and forms of the traditional logic, slightly modified by metaphysical doctrines, partly in most cases those of Mill, mixed not infrequently with those of Mill's philosophical antipodes.

When, however, we say they reproduce the traditional divisions, we only mean that verbally they do so, for the significations some of them attach to the old terms of logic, have only preserved the shell and have cast away the kernel. For instance, Mr. Joseph excludes from the class of universal propositions all those which do not imply the existence of some individuals denoted by their subject, as well as all those which do not predicate by "conceptual necessity," both of which exclusions flatly conflict with the *Dictum de omni* of Aristotle and with all tradition, and which, taken together, make one simple proposition to express at once both existence and necessity, which constitutes a third breach of traditional usage in connection with the use of the single term "universal." In such ways as this he effects a verbal agreement with the traditional doctrine by demolitions of parts of the existing system of nomenclature and using the débris to begin, but only to begin, the erection of a new system in the place of it, like that architectural performance of Charles V. in Granada.

We shall not find fault with any man for any sincere study; and if it gives him any particular pleasure to call his study logic, that word is by this time pretty near past spoiling. Only we would suggest that to define one's object of study in such a way that scarce anything would be excluded—as when Mr. Joseph and others of his school tell us that logic ascertains "how we think"—it seems fair to demand that their conclusions should be based upon inductions correspondingly broad. The reviewer, for example, can have nothing but praise for a logic he dimly remembers reading in the sixties, which carefully analyzed all those phrases of the German language that are equivalent to conjunctions, without any pretence that it covered all the possibilities of thought in this narrow class of conjunctional elements. We might think, however, that before coming to those variations of thought, it would be better to begin by considering all the ways in which we must think in order to draw all kinds of necessary conclusions; for even if logic be concerned with all modes of thinking, we are inclined to the opinion that it is specially concerned with those forms of thought that have some bearing upon the validity or non-validity of different ways of reasoning. It was fifty-nine years ago that Professor De Morgan called attention to certain forms of inference of great practical importance, which nothing in the logic-books explained or gave any clue to, although it is necessary to sound reasoning to distinguish the cases in which such arguments are valid from the cases in which they are invalid. Yet we do not remember ever having seen any mention of these forms of inference in any treatise of Mr. Joseph's school. Here is an example of one of them:

Every dollar that ever was or will be in the safe was or will have been received as a loan.
For every dollar ever received as a loan a payment of a dollar will be made.
Hence, every dollar that ever was or will be in the safe was or will be paid out.

When De Morgan opened this road to logical inquiry, he opened a road to semp-iternal glory for British logic; but unfortunately investigators of any vigor of thought were lacking. De Morgan did much more than that; for he also opened up the logic of relations, which had from the beginning been a well-recognized branch of logic, and which, when American and German logicians developed it, turned out to throw a wonderful new light upon every part of logic, while the logicians of the Oxford school merely advanced little reasons for thinking a logic of relations to be impossible.

The distinguished mathematical genius, George Boole, produced a method of logical inquiry by means of algebra, which was a most brilliant achievement. A few logicians of the most numerous British school have paid attention to the Boolian logic. We mention here, not because they are the best, but because they are the most soundly critical, Venn, Jevons, and Keynes. The great body seem never to have looked into it.

Posterity will say that human intelligence is under vast obligations to the logical work of Alfred Bray Kempe, sometime President of the London Mathematical Society. But one may search in vain for any evidence that logicians of the school we are speaking of, have so much as divined what relevancy his laborious researches have for any real problem of reasoning.

It is a matter of regret to us that the brevity of this notice forces us to confine ourselves to Mr. Joseph's faults, since they are the faults of his school, and it is not quite fair to the individual to judge him exclusively according to the genus to which he belongs. But the truth is that when we have said that this treatise possesses such original merits as the majority of the thousand treatises can claim that have appeared since Michael Scott and the western publication of Aristotle, and perhaps possesses a little more, we have accorded to it all the notice it merits; while its school is of more importance simply on account of its numerical greatness, and because of the evil that it is working to British thought. This school is composed mostly of indolent and often feeble minds whose interest in logic lies in the professorships, the fellowships, the popularity as tutors, or other sources of bread and butter which they enjoy, and who are therefore sworn obscurantists, bound to oppose any movement of real thought in English logic. When a study fails to develop definite and well-considered methods; when it is not animated by a sufficient passion to find out the truth, whatever the truth may be, to insure the careful study of all the work that earnest students do within its province; and when in place of manifold new discoveries, it does no more than verbally reproduce foregone conclusions, it is idle to boast that is a science.

Mr. Joseph sometimes lays down general propositions without any pretence at making their reasonableness evident; and he justifies this practice by saying that his book is not a complete treatise on logic, but, as its title indicates, is only "an introduction to logic." Now, says he, in the first introduction to any science there must be more or less dogmatism. Is this Oxford pedagogics? Elsewhere, if a man is to write an introduction to any science—say chemistry—he will draw a clear line between information as to what has happened, and dogmatic insistence upon principles and the like, and will take the utmost pains in describing, say, the experiments of Lavoisier upon the oxidation and reduction of mercury, to show the convincingness of the reasoning; so as to remove the idea that there is to be any appeal to authority or other arbitrary determination of principles. If he has to teach botany, he will probably set the beginner at work to dissect a flower with his own eyes and fingers; and to describe what he sees; and will be careful to make him understand that botany is only an orderly description of what can always be seen under favorable conditions. It appears to some of us that the first steps in any science ought to deal with those departments of the science that come most in contact with the life and interests of the students; and we should not approve of an introduction to botany, whose first two hundred pages were occupied with the artificial, though indispensable, technicalities that botanists are compelled to use in order to describe species and other forms. Yet it is the like of that, that Mr. Joseph does in logic; and useful as his book may prove to an advanced logician, it is almost the worst possible for a beginner's introduction to the subject.

The Arbiter in Council. New York: The Macmillan Co., $2.50 net.

This anonymous octavo volume of more than 550 pages discusses peace and war. It is in the form of an elaborate symposium, supplemented by various reports in writing by the *dramatis personæ*, among whom are Reginald Case, K. C., a barrister "with a conscience," Martin Truelove, in holy orders, the Rev. Augustine Clarke, an Independent minister, Leopold Meyer, a stock broker, William Browne, a learned Cambridge historian and pupil of Lord Acton, Captain Seymour of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, and Tracy de Vere, a retired admiral. The Arbiter himself is Mr. Ashworthy, a veteran Liberal of seventy,

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five, and disciple of John Bright. For every day during a week there is a discussion; the subjects discussed are the causes and consequences of war, modern warfare, private war and the duel, cruelty, the federation of the world, arbitration, the political economy of war, Christianity and war.

As a summary of all that is to be said on the subject, thrown into a readable form, the book is well done; nevertheless, after reading it there is left in the mind of the reader the perhaps unavoidable feeling that it is an old story; that after all, we knew before that war does not exist because there is anything to be said for it, but in spite of overwhelming evidence that it is the worst possible calamity. In other words, the book is a demonstration of what nobody can successfully dispute. It is chiefly valuable, therefore, as a storehouse of all the wisdom of the ages on the subject. Fifty years ago, so thoroughly was the world convinced of the disadvantages of war, that we doubt if the author could have found a publisher. In the last fifty years there has been a revival of the old fallacy, transmitted from the pre-industrial predatory period, that one of the objects of national existence is war, and that there is a great deal to be said for war in the abstract. The progress of democracy, too, has thrown political power, which includes that of making war, into the hands of vast masses of men who know little or nothing of history or political economy, and who are prone to the delusion that it is upon successful war that the greatness of nations hinges. So that we are undoubtedly living in a generation which much needs the wisdom contained in this volume. Could it be instilled into the masses who are now pleased with taxes imposed for battleships, and deluded with the notion that "Trade follows the flag," it would do more good than has been done by any one book in the world, unless it be the Bible. Unfortunately, it is unlikely to be read except by those who are in sympathy with its argument. This, at least, is the impression made upon us. If we are wrong, so much the better.

The only argument in favor of war brought forward in recent times that has any novelty in it, is that brought to our attention by the neo-Imperialists and reactionaries here and in England, within the last twenty-five years—that war is a school of fortitude, and heroism. The implication is that you need war to foster those virtues. The answer to this suggestion is, of course, that there are countless ways in times of peace in which fortitude and heroism may be and are fostered. The fireman, the policeman, the sailor, the engineer, are heroically risking their lives every day, without the stimulus of drum or trumpet. But, besides this, it would be the work of a lunatic to introduce calamity and destruction in order to foster the virtues. We do not scuttle ships in order to develop the desire to save the lives of others at the expense of our own, nor set fire to a city for the sake of filling people with zeal to extinguish the flames. The idea that we can defend war by such an argument is preposterous.

It is not in arguments of this sort that actual war finds it support. The fundamental reason for war, the unanswerable reason, before arbitration between nations became recognized as an available substitute, is that it is the *ultima ratio regum*. The last resort of sovereigns, after argument is exhausted, is violence. Hence in any particular case, the question always is, not whether the war was not a good thing in itself, *quâ* war, but whether it was avoidable. We defend the war of the Revolution as having been forced on us. In civil wars both sides usually imagine themselves to have been driven into taking up arms. The great discovery of our age is that most wars are preventable by arbitration. If the world at large ever became persuaded that war itself was a good thing, it would inevitably throw the leading nations back into that stage of civilization from which they have emerged—the military or predatory stage, in which war is recognized as the natural means of a State's growth, in which every man is trained first to be soldier, and peace is regarded as the exception.

It is impossible to make extracts which will give any idea of the book as a whole. In the wide range of the subject, almost no topic is left untouched, from the question of the Early Christian doctrine and practice as regards military service, down to the question whether a general arbitration treaty should include everything, or bar matters affecting national honor. The varied scholarship and reading drawn upon give no clue, as far as we know, to the authorship.

The Spirit of Democracy. By Charles F. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.20 net.

In both its matter and its manner, Mr. Dole's book will undoubtedly please a good many people. It begins with the familiar criticism of history—or, rather, of historical writing—as largely concerned with the wrong sort of thing; it defines the "spirit of democracy" in terms which may mean much or little, according to the notions of those who use them; it passes rapidly in review, with a considerable wealth of stimulating suggestion, a large number of contemporary social conditions and problems; and it leaves the clear impression that, in the opinion of the author, the world is getting on better than ever and is pretty sure to come out all right. That which is saving us from our sins, and fitting us not only for the life that now is, but also for that which is to come, is democracy. With the formal aspects of democracy, as a scheme of government or political organization, Mr. Dole does not, indeed, much concern himself, though he thinks that the President of the United States has quite too much power, especially in the matter of appointments, and that American municipal government is pretty bad. What interests him most is the worldwide development of a social temper distinguished by good-will, neighborliness, regard for the rights of others and the good of all, humanity, justice, and peace. Competition is giving way to coöperation. Economic subjection is a painful anomaly, the exploitation of alien or inferior peoples a relic of barbarism, and war a crime. Of one blood are all the nations of the earth; let us live as such!

Mr. Dole is not, indeed, under the delusion that we have as yet perfectly attained to all this. He frankly admits that we have done those things that we ought not to have done, and have left undone the things we ought to have done. He declines, however, to believe that there is no health in us. On the contrary, his survey of present-day social interests and activities has for its object, apparently, the demonstration that, amid all our lamentable shortcomings, the spirit of true democracy, the atmosphere of social oneness and mutual regard, more and more pervades the world. The American party system, for example, tramples on minorities and strangles real political interest, but the spirit of democracy is disintegrating the parties and favoring the formation of small groups. Crime and pauperism are still with us, but we are attacking the causes of poverty and reforming the criminal. Our policy of imperialism is a sordid affair, unblest of Heaven and reprobated by good men, but we are realizing its error and may in time get rid of it. Our system of taxation is vicious and undemocratic, unrestricted immigration a menace, and divorce a profound evil; but the growing recognition of the situation augurs the eventual discovery of a remedy.

Of remedies, indeed, direct or indirect, Mr. Dole is fairly fertile; and it is at this point that we come upon the fundamental limitation of his book. As an exposition of the spirit of social unity, humanity, and altruism which is abroad in the land, and as a presentation of the weakness and defects, large or small, of modern social organization, the volume contains much that is admirable. The style is nervous and epigrammatic, and the choice of illustrations quite up to date. There is a directness, a downrightness of manner that gives to its statements an air of completeness and finality which to some will be gratifying. When, however, we turn from the specifications of Mr. Dole's indictment—and they are neither few nor slight—and scrutinize his proposed remedies, we are compelled to think them strangely inadequate. Does Mr. Dole really believe that the power of the President is ever likely to undergo wholesale curtailment, or that things would be appreciably better if it did; or that taxation is to be made "popular"—we quote his characterization—by substituting direct for indirect taxes or laying heavier charges on land; or that men will be fined or disfranchised for failure to attend caucuses or vote; or that our great political parties are to be replaced by a régime of political groups? If he does, then we cannot but commend to him, with all deference, the further study of that history for whose incidents he has, apparently, only limited respect.

We need to-day very much, as a great democratic State, two forms of service. We need an accurate, clear, and thoroughgoing description of actual social conditions, and a sound, practical, restrained indication of ways in which we may better ourselves. To the satisfaction of the first of these needs Mr. Dole has made a worthy and suggestive contribution, but we cannot think that his treatment of the second has permanent significance.

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Drama.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.

The production in the Savoy Theatre, on Monday, of a dramatized version of Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth," done by the author and Clyde Fitch, raised more than a ripple of excitement in theatrical circles, but did not prove to be a matter of much literary or dramatic importance. It did, however, afford one more practical demonstration of the enormous difficulties attending the conversion of a book into drama. The hopeless feat would not be attempted, of course, if it were not for the commercial value of a popular title. Mr. Fitch, who doubtless did most of the work of adaptation, has succeeded wonderfully well in preserving the chief incidents and personages, but only at the cost of excluding nearly everything that made the original story worth while. Stripped of all literary accompaniment, all discussion of character, motive, and circumstance, Lily Bart and her associates become stage puppets of a very ordinary type, differing in no important respect from those employed in many a modern melodrama. There is nothing novel or especially entertaining in their silly small talk, their cynicism, selfishness, and immorality. If the play had any fine comic or satiric quality, excited profound sympathy, or was rich in the element of suspense, the case would be altered. But it has nothing that resembles a plot, makes no appeal to the finer human impulses, and practically no attempt to lash or to ridicule the degeneracy which it represents. In the last act, indeed, Lily, having drunk the cup of her own folly to the dregs, has a striking speech, in which she arraigns society for the callous indifference with which it discards disgraced or impoverished wretches, but this is only a personal protest, without general application. Thus the play lacks a valid purpose as well as sympathetic quality. Even those persons who deny that the theatre has any mission to instruct or to preach, admit that it must entertain or perish. In "The House of Mirth" there is nothing that promotes either merriment or edification. It offers more or less veracious exposures of bad habits, but cannot be described as in any sense a comedy of manners. To the original book it bears about the same relation as the skeleton does to the complete man. The redeeming point in it as a play is the opportunity which it offers to Miss Fay Davis for some very clever acting. She illustrates the different phases in Miss Bart's downward career with much subtle perception, executive skill, and emotional power.

The long-promised revival of Shakspere's "Cymbeline" made this week in the Astor Theatre, by Miss Viola Allen, is an ambitious and expensive but not very satisfactory achievement. The play, it is almost needless to say, presents many problems to the modern producer. In the first place it is so long that cutting is absolutely necessary to bring it within the limits of an evening's performance; and in the second, it has an exceedingly involved plot, so that it is difficult to cut it heavily without rendering it unintelligible. This difficulty is increased when time has to be secured for the manipulation of elaborate scenery, such as Miss Allen has provided. She has, indeed, sacrificed so much to mere spectacle that the part by Shakspere in the production is often subordinate to the contributions of the scene-painter and costumer. She probably felt that the piece was not likely to win popularity on its merits alone, and it must be confessed that as an acting play, with its clumsy and highly incredible story, it leaves much to be desired. But these defects are emphasized rather than concealed by a gorgeous setting. The essentials to an effective interpretation are a spirited and capable delivery of the text, which contains many fine passages, together with much of inferior character, and a vivid embodiment of the principal personages. Neither of these conditions exists at the Astor Theatre. The Imogen of Miss Allen, an actress of very set methods, possesses womanly charm and intelligence, but is altogether uninspired. In utterance it is very faulty. Cymbeline and his intriguing queen, Pisanio and Iachimo, exhibit scarcely a vestige of the individuality and force which belong to them. The eccentric Cloten of Sidney Herbert, though strange in conception, has at least the merit of vitality and consistent design. The Posthumus, too, is right in conception. The havoc made of the text, including some of the most famous passages, by minor performers was lamentable. Much of it was unintelligible at close range. On the whole the performance is rather dispiriting, as it shows that the art of speaking blank verse is almost extinct upon the stage. But Miss Allen is entitled to credit for her personal endeavor, and it is pleasant to know that she is playing to full houses.

A new play, by a new author, Rudolf Bessier, is to be seen in the London Adelphi Theatre this week. It is called "The Virgin Goddess." The play, written in blank verse, is modelled on the lines of old Greek drama, the action taking place in Artis, an imaginary city of ancient Greece. Three acts are required for the development of the story, while the unities of time and place are strictly observed. A chorus figures in the piece, but its function is to contribute to, rather than merely to comment upon, the action.

The sixtieth birthday of Holger Drachmann was celebrated by the first performance of his latest romantic drama, "Sir Olaf he Rides," at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, on October 9, and a banquet the following day.

Music.

It was no doubt a desire to exploit her comic vein that induced the greatest living contralto, Mme. Schumann-Heink, to abandon the concert stage and grand opera two years ago and devote herself to operetta. Her admirers shook their heads over this procedure, and there was great joy among them when it was announced that she would return to the Metropolitan Opera House this season as well as to the concert hall, deserting a specialty which was suited neither to her matronly appearance nor to her big voice. On Saturday afternoon last Carnegie Hall was filled by an audience eager to welcome her back to her legitimate sphere. Although reports had come from Germany of her great triumphs last summer at Bayreuth and Munich, there was still some anxiety as to the possible harm that might have come to her voice from the wear and tear of the operetta stage; but this was soon dispelled. While there were traces of damage, and while the singer has acquired a habit of injudicious breathing, these things seemed hardly worth mentioning in view of all the noble qualities of her art—her clear enunciation, her refined phrasing, her great command of tone colors, and above all her splendid dramatic temperament, which enables her to seize the real gist of a song and present it to the delighted audience in a stirring climax.

An interesting novelty is to be produced at the first concert of the New York Oratorio Society—"The Children's Crusade." It is a musical legend in four parts adapted from the poem by Marcel Schwob, with music by Gabriel Pierné, who won a prize with this work, which made a good impression in Paris. The vocal score with English text by Henry Grafton Chapman has just been issued by G. Schirmer. The Oratorio Society will also sing "The Messiah," as usual, and Elgar's "Apostles," as well as the newly added Part III., entitled "The Kingdom."

Boston is not yet certain of an opera season, Mr. Conried, manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, having promised a week or two only on condition that a sufficient guarantee fund is raised. But an interesting operatic novelty will be presented by the Cecilia Society, which announces a performance, in concert form, of the late Prof. J. K. Paine's "Azara."

One of the treats in store for the music-lovers of London is a performance, under Hans Richter, of Liszt's "Dante Symphony," a composition which, because of its great difficulties, is seldom given. Wagner called it "an eternal work," "a creation equally inspired and masterly." Even Michael Angelo, he wrote, did not succeed in infusing the soul of Dante into another art so thoroughly as Liszt did in this score, which could not have been written until after Bach and Beethoven had done their work.

While Liszt was the most cosmopolitan of all musicians and spent but a fraction of his life in his native country, many Hungarians think that his remains should, at any rate, be buried near where he was born, Raiding. In that district, a large Catholic church is being built, and it is proposed to erect in it a monument to Liszt on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, 1911. The local authorities are also making an effort to secure his remains, and the plan is to have them transferred next September, when a Liszt statue is to be unveiled in the new Academy of Music at Budapest. It seems doubtful, however, whether it will be possible to carry out this idea. Liszt died in Bayreuth and was buried in the cemetery there. An effort was made at the time to make Weimar his last resting place; but even with the aid of the Grand Duke Carl Alexander, the project failed. Liszt belonged to the order of Franciscans, and one of the rules of this

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order is that members must be buried in the place where they die. The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* also calls attention to the fact that Liszt's last will of the date of 1867, contained these directions: "My body is to be buried not in a church, but in a public cemetery, and let no one undertake to remove it thence to another place." Three years later, he said in a private letter: "I protest most emphatically against the dragging about of my corpse." Finally, it is not likely that Frau Wagner would consent to the removal of her father's remains.

The unprecedented price of 44,000 marks is demanded by a Leipzig bookseller for the manuscript of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, and the German newspapers express the fear that, because of this high price, the sonata will, like so many other precious documents, go to America.

Art.

THE HOLMAN HUNT EXHIBITION.

LONDON, October 10.

Whatever were the merits of the Pre-Raphaelites and their friends, business capacity was not the least. There had been movements in art of far more importance long before their day, there have been movements as amusing since. But there has hardly ever been one so well advertised, so well talked about. Indeed, since Ruskin first constituted himself their champion, the Pre-Raphaelites have figured much more effectively on the written page than on the painted canvas. Their influence on art has been simply *nil*. For a while they had their followers, who threatened to monopolize the Grosvenor Gallery and then the New Gallery in its early days; and even until some ten years or so ago, critics had still much to say of the neo-Gothic School. But all this has completely passed. Anything less neo-Gothic than the New Gallery now in its spring exhibitions can scarcely be imagined. And, if you except Byam Shaw and Miss Brickdale, who still dabble in the old motives and methods, not a trace of Pre-Raphaelitism is left, and yet books about it continue to appear.

The opening of an exhibition of the life work of Mr. Holman Hunt comes as a useful reminder of what Pre-Raphaelitism really means. It is easier to judge it dispassionately, now that more than fifty years have passed since the first rumors of it startled a mid-Victorian world, too decorous to be in sympathy with movements of any kind. If we are to believe him, Mr. Holman Hunt is, and always has been, its only true exponent. In his work, therefore, if anywhere, the movement may be studied profitably. Fortunately, a thoroughly representative collection has been got together. The exhibition is held in the Leicester Galleries, whose managers have done everything possible to arrange pictures and drawings to the best advantage. Mr. Holman Hunt has never, even in 1886, been so well seen. Very few important pictures are missing. One looks in vain for the "Christians Escaping from Druid Persecution" and the "Rienzi"—his first declarations of faith, they might be called—for the "Awakened Conscience" and the two larger versions of the "Light of the World." But otherwise, the series is fairly complete. From the "Hireling Shepherd" and the "Strayed Sheep" to the first Eastern pictures; from the "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," the "Scapegoat," and the "Shadow of the Cross" to the "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" and the record of the second journey to the East; from the "Triumph of the Innocents" and the "Distribution of the Holy Fire in the Church of the Sepulchre, Jerusalem," to the "May Morning on Magdalen Tower" and the "Lady of Shalott," finished only yesterday—they are all here. And there are the portraits from various periods: of himself, his wife, Sir Richard Owen, the most conspicuous. And there are also many of the water-colors and drawings, these last including several of the preliminary studies for the illustrations to Moxon's Tennyson and other of the most famous publications of the sixties.

To be honest, the first glance round the galleries gives one something of a shock. The distressing discord of color everywhere, the hard, graceless forms that seem to jump at you from the canvas, the exaggerations, the lack of repose, and decorative feeling—these things are an offence to the eye. Yet you cannot pass Holman Hunt by as you would the painter who plays his antics on canvas, who flaunts his eccentricities, for the sake of a day's sensation or scandal. There is no mistaking the seriousness of his work to him, the grim determination to see things for himself as they are, and then to show them as he sees them for the edification of the world. You need not plod through those two ponderous volumes of his autobiography—for an autobiography, despite its name, the book really is—to understand the toil which has ever been his one definition of art. And that is just the tragedy of it—to have labored, to have evolved theories, to have made their practical application a long martyrdom, only to see things like that! One of the fundamental dogmas—or perhaps I might say *the* fundamental dogma—of Pre-Raphaelitism, was that the artist should work directly from nature. At the moment, it was a dogma that there was reason enough to cry aloud from English housetops. The mid-Victorian tendency was all for anecdote neatly constructed in the studio. But to go direct to nature is a very different thing from knowing how to use what you see when you get there. The Realists in France, too, were all for going to nature; Courbet was making his disturbing manifesto in Paris about very much the same time as the Pre-Raphaelites were electrifying London. But it was not so many years after Courbet had held the exhibition of his Salon-rejected pictures that one of his admirers, Whistler, was writing to another, Fantin-Latour, that to work entirely from nature was disturbing, misleading; that it was impossible to do more than to *sketch* from her anyway, as effects *en plein air* changed constantly, and that to use what nature had to give was possible only in the studio. What came of the young Whistler's decision we know. What came of the Pre-Raphaelite's, when he stuck uncompromisingly to Pre-Raphaelitism, is revealed by Holman Hunt.

In his earliest pictures, when he was not yet overpowered by a sense of duty and responsibility, before his theory of art had become more important to him than art itself, he did manage to see a little beauty in the world about him, and to suggest it to a certain extent. The landscape background to the "Hireling Shepherd" is full of the charm and loveliness of the English country, and the sun shines brilliantly and tenderly on the green hillside of the "Strayed Sheep." To me, these two are by far the finest pictures he ever painted. And yet, even at these you cannot look without the consciousness of how much he lost by pushing his theory to illogical extremes. In the "Hireling Shepherd" the two figures that fill the foreground do not belong to the landscape they are not in it—they have the effect of figures cut out and pasted on. For the curious part of the Pre-Raphaelites' respect for detail was their indifference as to the relation of this detail to the picture. The most glaring instance of what I mean is the "Huguenot Lovers" by Millais, who painted with infinite pains the walls against which the lovers stand, long before he had the slightest idea of the subject for which it was to be the background. In the "Strayed Sheep" the elaborate detail is annoying, as one realizes how much better, with how much more absolute truth to nature, the effect might have been got without it. The Pre-Raphaelites might paint a hillside with such minuteness that the blades of grass could be counted, but they did not render the one thing more important than all other in suggesting its character and beauty—that is, the atmosphere enveloping it. Millais, who, of all the Brotherhood, painted, in his "Ophelia" and "Marianna," the most perfect Pre-Raphaelite pictures according to Pre-Raphaelite rules, who seemed to have something of the old Flemings' power of recording details in the most precise fashion without forgetting that the picture to be built up with them was the main thing—Millais was not long in realizing that he and his enthusiastic young fellow reformers were somehow on the wrong track, though, it must be added, in his case Pre-Raphaelitism was deserted only for the more commonplace paths he had been so vigorous in denouncing. Rossetti, with his head full of dreams of rich, sensuous beauty, soon tired of a drudgery that did little to help him embody them. Holman Hunt alone was faithful.

As time went on, his eyes were conscientiously developed into magnifying glasses; he peered more closely into Nature for her detail, he insisted upon it more relentlessly. And what was worse for his art, he began to fancy that this pursuit of detail lent some special spiritual force to his work. His story of himself as painter is one of struggles that have nothing whatsoever to do with the quality of his painting. The fact that he journeyed to the East, that he faced hardship, was the recommendation of his paintings when he returned to London. The public heard of the dangers he braved, of the way he had to go armed to the teeth in order to paint the "Scapegoat" on the actual shores of the Dead Sea. And the public, trained by Ruskin to look for morality, or religion, or anything but

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what should be looked for in art, did not fail to be appropriately awed. Only a few people were flippant with Millais, who suggested that before the painter undertook to paint a scapegoat, he should be sure of being able to paint a goat at all. I can still remember the first exhibition in London of the "Triumph of the Innocents," the darkened room in which one sat, and the hushed voices offering praise, and the whisper that went around of the indomitable perseverance of the painter. So it is now with all Holman Hunt's pictures. We are bidden to admire them because the making of them has been so laberious and because of their moral beauty, although beauty itself, the great essential, evaded him in his pursuit of unnecessary fact and irrelevant detail.

How much his judgment was warped by the entire misconception of the business of the painter to which his theory hastened him, he reveals in the pages of his book, with its ungenerous treatment of his old friends, his egotistical determination to take all the credit for Pre-Raphaelitism. He would probably be horrified to find himself accused of egotism and want of generosity—no one could be less conscious, less desirous of being either the one or the other. It is simply that his theory has taken possession of him until he seems unable to believe in anything else, to countenance anything not in accord with it. As in his religious pictures he has overcrowded the canvas with details and symbols, so in his portraits he searches so diligently for the exact anatomical modelling, the bony construction of the face, that he gives you something that is neither flesh nor paint, while there are pictures in which, as in the "Miss Flamborough," he endeavors so arduously to express the innocence of childhood, that he tumbles headlong into worse banality than he ever could have found in the Academy to protest against. In the beginning he could not see nature for the detail; his latest work shows him to have reached a point where he cannot see detail for his theory about it.

To admit this is not to complain of any want of interest in the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. On the contrary, it is exceedingly interesting, in the first place historically, and in the second because the very seriousness of intention cannot fail to be recognized. Ability Mr. Holman Hunt undoubtedly possesses. It may be too soon as yet to decide what his place really is in the art of the last half century. But it is safe to say that he can never be forgotten altogether. His personality, the picturesqueness of the famous Brotherhood, will save him. But when you consider his early drawings for illustration, when you look at the beautiful painting of much of the detail, when you realize the knowledge, the technical mastery devoted to his sermons in paint, you can only wish he had been spared the virtue upon which he most prides himself—that he had not been faithful, but, with Millais and Rossetti, had escaped from Pre-Raphaelitism before it made him the slave of its fallacies. N. N.

"Engraving and Etching," by the late Dr. Fr. Lippmann, translated by Martin Hardie (Scribners), is a well-printed version in English of the best concise treatise ever written about the history of intaglio prints. There are 131 illustrations on the scale of the original engravings, and while these impressions from relief blocks inevitably lack the quality of fine engravings, they suffice to study the technic of the artists. The record is carried only to the beginning of the nineteenth century, since it was Dr. Lippmann's belief that the revival of painter-etching in the last century would require a separate volume. It is a matter of deep regret that he was not spared to finish his work, for no writer on the subject has so perfectly combined minute historical accuracy with a sober and just taste. In the present volume we could wish a more detailed account of printing processes—wiping, retroussage, etc., and could wish away only the unhappy characterization of the always reserved Nanteuil as "straining after effect." But these are hardly blemishes in a well-nigh perfect handbook. For a volume that the collector and student must handle constantly, the binding with its white back, will be a trial. The publishers should not thus encourage the making of relief impressions upon a work devoted to the other branch of engraving.

Dictionaries of technical terms are always in demand, and rightly; but hard it is to find one which is both inexpensive and thoroughgoing. Technical terms are difficult to explain in precise language; if any one doubts, let him try to translate some of them from one language into another, even allowing himself excellent knowledge of both languages and long practice, or utilizing to the full the knowledge and the practice of others. As he will not find any one term which can be translated into a single term in another tongue, accurate in every case, so he will not find an obvious form of words in which to express the full significance of even the simplest terms of building. That fact is what Thomas Dinham Atkinson, who has compiled a "Glossary of English Architecture" (London: Methuen & Co.), must have found by this time. That is what persons who use the book will find too frequently. Opening the volume at a venture one finds "Respond" defined as "a half-column terminating an arcade"; but a "respond" may be a half-column or a pilaster, or a corbel, or that wall-pier for which no precise technical term is in use—a projecting mass showing perhaps five faces of an octagonal pillar or the like. And then instead of "terminating an arcade" the respond may be the pilaster behind a free column, or at the end of a row of such columns, even when no arches appear in the structure. The reader may amuse himself with the task of fitting a brief sentence to the varied requirements of that term. The greater number of the definitions in Mr. Atkinson's volume are, however, intelligible, and such terms as ironwork, Greek architecture, and plaster work give excuse for articles two or three pages long, which are really intelligent and are likely to be of use.

"The Gem-Cutter's Craft," by Leopold Claremont, is announced by Messrs. Bell (London) as the first book upon precious stones to be written by a practical gem-cutter. In it every kind of gem is described, and the difficulties of discriminating precious stones are discussed.

The archæologist Wilhelm Volgraff has recently brought to light at Argos the remains of a fortified city which appears to antedate the Mycenæan period. He found a large number of pieces of ceramic ware, among which was a type of "bucchero nero," whose manufacture recalls that of the period of the first city of Troy, with the difference that the Trojan bucchero is fashioned by hand, whereas this discovery shows traces of the wheel. He has also come upon fragments of vases, painted with a fine black, with a sober decorative design of a geometric character. At the foot of the excavated hill some tombs of Mycenæan chiefs were opened, in which were found fragments of vases painted with geometric designs, some gold jewelry, ivory tablets, and objects of bronze, stone, and glass.

The Italian Government is trying to find a way of suitably rewarding the Norwegian sculptor, Christen Dan Magelsen, for a remarkable achievement—the discovery, apparently, of the material used by the ancient Greeks in modelling. Italian experts agree with G. Körte, director of the German Archæological Institute in Rome, as well as with the director of the Greco-Roman antiquity section of the British Museum, that Magelsen has found a clay which presents great advantages over the material now in use. Director Körte specifies two of its advantages: it facilitates the production of hollowed objects of any form and size, and it makes possible the use of iron supports without running any risks when the iron is heated, or contracts again. Björnstjerne Björnson writes enthusiastically about Magelsen in the Christiania *Verdens Gang*. This man, he says, who has discovered a secret lost for two thousand years, was originally a mariner, and it was not till after he had reached ripe manhood that he took up sculpture, although it had been his dream since childhood. He labored under great disadvantages. He was poor, he had a large family. Yet, though he was an adept in neither physics nor chemistry, he learned to experiment with his material till he had what he wanted.

The National Society of French Architects has opened in Paris the public exposition of its fifteenth annual competition. The subject proposed for the competitors was essentially modern: A railway station, designed for a city of eight or ten thousand inhabitants.

Science.

The Birds of the Cambridge Region of Massachusetts. By William Brewster. With four plates and three maps. Cambridge, Mass.: Memoirs of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, No. IV.

Contained in a thick quarto volume of 426 broad-margined pages and handsomely illustrated with plates and maps, Mr. Brewster's contribution must rank, in attractiveness of presentation and in wealth of information, as the most sumptuous local list that has ever been published in this country. The territory covered is not a large one—some fifty square miles of country adjacent to Boston—but, to quote the introduction, "The birds of the Cambridge region have been studied longer and more continuously, as well as perhaps more carefully, than those of any other

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locality of similar extent in all America." For upwards of seventy years attention has been focussed on this region. Indeed, Mr. Brewster quotes freely writers of the seventeenth century, Wood, Morton, Josselyn; but it was not until 1832, when Nuttall, then living in Cambridge, published his "Manual" that the birds there began to be systematically studied. Samuel and J. Elliot Cabot, Henry M. Bryant, Thomas M. Brewer, Wilson Flagg, and others of a generation passed away were the pioneers, and then followed William Brewster himself, and a host of contemporaries, who have contributed their mite. Mr. Brewster's own personal observations extend over forty years. With this backing and equipment he has produced a record unsurpassed in details of distribution and of migration. Moreover, we may search in vain for any other list wherein facts essentially dry are more agreeably presented.

Introductory sections, descriptive, historical, and analytical, occupy eighty-four pages, the rest of the volume being given to a carefully annotated list of the 248 species and subspecies found in the region. As a frontispiece a fine portrait of Thomas Nuttall is aptly chosen; and besides several maps and views of country nooks, there is a colored plate of Brewster's Linnet—a bird of which the type has remained unique. Whether it is a species, a hybrid, a mutant, or a color-phase, nobody as yet knows.

Wherever we turn, we find much that is of general, as well as of local interest to ornithologists. For example, under the section "Faunal Changes" there is a brief presentation of facts concerning bird population, with a new and plausible theory to explain its fluctuations—the theory being that "sexual jealousy" renders the male, during the breeding season, intolerant of the near presence of rival males, and by driving them away thus checks overpopulation of a given area. Then, too, we find the descriptions of different localities very fascinating, especially to anybody who has floundered contentedly through the mudholes of the Fresh Pond marshes or paused to listen to the bubbling melody of the house wrens that spend their summers in the Wren Orchard.

Valuable as this contribution is to ornithological literature, we could wish its limits had been extended; for it is a little too small for a complete ornithology, and a little too large for a local list. In avian parlance, it is an "intergrade," marking, nevertheless, a distinct epoch in the evolution of the local list. There are no radical flaws, although a missing table of contents may be found in *Bird-Lore* for September-October. We think, too, that uncut pages are out of place in a scientific book of this kind.

"The Loose Leaf System of Laboratory Notes," by Theo. H. Scheffer (P. Blakiston & Co.) is a laboratory manual for elementary students in zoölogy. Recent years have been prolific in laboratory directions of this kind, and experience has taught that each laboratory will probably have its own requirements that are met by a "loose-leaf system." Instead of binding the directions in conventional book form the author's system is to tie the sheets together with a shoe-string between detachable covers. The booklet will prove useful in high school and elementary college courses. Whether it is best to introduce the student into the mysteries of science by making him learn the names of all the parts and organs of a number of selected types is perhaps a matter of opinion. The method has been found generally acceptable to students and teachers alike, for it involves the least amount of thinking, and keeps the student interested and busy in the laboratory. In such matters practical advantages outweigh theoretical considerations.

A serious and thoroughly documentary history of the practice of medicine in Geneva before 1800, "La Médecine à Genève jusqu' à la fin du XVIIIe Siècle," by Dr. Léon Gautier, has many pages both of scientific and general interest. Worth noting are those parts of the book which deal with the advent, progress, and disappearance of leprosy (A. D. 700-1600), with the leper colonies—*maladreries*—and other measures taken to guard against a disease which is now again an actuality. Of yet more absorbing interest are the accounts of the judicial trials (probably monstrous errors) of the "plague-sowers" (1530 and 1545), where "Monsieur Calvin ministre" is noted as interceding for the poisoners condemned to death, that they should not be tortured too long, but be put speedily out of their misery.

The recent fire at the University of Groningen completely destroyed the exceptionally rich collection in the Institute of Natural History, which was the monument of the indefatigable collecting zeal of Professor van Ankum, extending over many years.

Finance.

THE AMERICAN MARKET AND LONDON.

Since the article in this column on the Bank of England rate was published last week, the Bank has further advanced its rate to 6 per cent. It did this, ostensibly because New York exchange on London, which had moved sharply in England's favor when the 5 per cent. bank rate was established, October 11, had fallen back, in the ensuing week, to a level where New York could again draw on London's gold. The incident is likely to stand as a landmark, because a 6 per cent. rate has been fixed by the Bank only five times in the last thirty-two years, and because four of those occasions have been disastrous. The dates are 1899, when the Boer war broke out; 1890, when the London house of Baring failed; 1882, when a "bank crash" and panic raged in Paris; and 1878, when the Glasgow Bank suspended payments. The one exception was 1889, when there was no trouble, but, in a world-wide "boom" of trade, London was losing gold too rapidly.

The present case is seemingly analogous to the last mentioned. There is no sign of calamity on the financial horizon, and the 6 per cent. rate, as in 1889, is intended to draw back to England the capital taken from it, and to stop the export of gold. In the few days since the Bank took action both these ends have been partly achieved. Exchange on London, at Paris and Berlin, has approached the point where both must send gold to England. Our own gold imports have abruptly ceased; sterling exchange has risen, and London, withdrawing capital from the American loans in which such quantities had been invested, is shifting those loans back to the New York banks. Within a fortnight, loans at these banks have increased $30,000,000—an increase ascribed almost exclusively to the taking over of such obligations from London.

A highly interesting question remains—a question which concerns not only our market, but all others which have been drawing on England: How will such markets be affected by this sudden recall of resources on which they had depended? The answer must be sought in the uses to which that capital had been put. If England's money had been borrowed, for instance, to help move crops to market, and had been borrowed solely because it was cheaper than money in New York, the recall would simply mean that a larger demand would converge on New York, and that rates would be somewhat higher. But if Berlin, for example, having strained its own resources in providing for normal commercial needs, had built up an extravagant speculation in new company shares, and had sustained that speculation wholly through London money, something must happen when London called the money home. This is exactly what did occur at Berlin in 1899. Germany's excited "industrial speculation" of that year was financed through London borrowings. War broke out in South Africa; the Witwatersrand, which had sent $80,000,000 gold to England the year before, suddenly ceased production; the London bank rate rose to 6 per cent., and England recalled its capital from Berlin. The result was, that the whole structure of Germany's "industrial boom" came to earth.

Germany at that juncture was far from being as rich in real capital and wealth as America is to-day; our own predicament from the loss of English capital is proportionately less awkward. In a short time that part of our own capital which has been engaged in "moving the crops" and financing the active autumn business season, will be released, and will take the place of the capital withdrawn by England. The interesting present problem is the manner in which the temporary void will be filled. Sometimes advance in money rates is the only consequence; sometimes prices have to come down on the Stock Exchange, to reduce the loans which have sustained them. The first and, under the circumstances, the most natural step, was this week's relief by the Treasury.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barron, Elwyn. Marcel Levignet. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Borden, Spencer. The Arab Horse. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.
Call, Annie Payson. Every Day Living. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.
Cambridge Natural History. Vol. I. Macmillan Co. $4.25.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. Molière: A Biography. Duffield & Co. $3 net.
Crawford, F. Marion. A Lady of Rome. Macmillan Co.
Dalton's Complete Bridge. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Deussen, Paul. The Vedanta System. Translated by J. H. Woods and C. B. Runkle. Grafton Press. $1.
Ellis, Edward S. The Cruise of the Firefly. Phil-

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adelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.
Fleming, Wm. H. Slavery and the Race Problem in the South. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.
Foster, William E. The Point of View in History. Worcester, Mass.
Gardner, Edmund G. The King of Court Poets: Ariosto. Dutton. $4 net.
Gellibrand, Emma. Why the Robin's Breast is Red. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.
Geronimo's Story of His Life. Edited by S. M. Barrett. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Gibbs, Philip. Men and Women of the French Revolution. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Graham, Harry. Misrepresentative Women. Duffield & Co. $1.
Gray, John Thompson. A Kentucky Chronicle. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Haeckel, Ernst. Last Words on Evolution. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Peter Eckler. $1 net.
Haines, Alice Calhoun. Indian Boys and Girls. F. A. Stokes Co.
Harding, Charlotte. The Punch and Judy Book. Duffield & Co. $1.25.
Heroes Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton W. Mabie. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Kinglake's Eothen. Edited by D. G. Hogarth. Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.
Knowles, F. M., and others. A Cheerful Year Book. Henry Holt & Co. $1 net.
McMaster, John Bach. A History of the United States. Vol. VI. Appleton. $2.50 net per vol.
Mears, Mary. The Breath of the Runners. F. A. Stokes Co.
Nielsen, Frederick. History of the Papacy. 2 vols. Dutton. $7.50 net.
Paul, Herbert. A History of Modern England. Macmillan Co.
Pilgrim's Staff. Poems selected by FitzRoy Carrington. Duffield & Co. 75 cents.
Reagan, John H. Memoirs. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Richmond, Grace S. The Second Violin. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Rossetti, W. M. Some Reminiscences. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners. $10 net.
Sangster, Margaret E. Fairest Girlhood. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Shelby, Annie Blanche. Bridge Abridged. Duffield & Co. $1.
Slocum, S. E., and E. L. Hancock. Text-Book on the Strength of Materials. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.
Smith, William H., jr. A Priced Lincoln Bibliography. Privately Published.
Sweetser, Kate Dickinson. Boys and Girls from George Eliot. Duffield & Co. $2.
Thorne, Guy. Made in His Image. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Thureau-Dangin, Paul. Saint Bernardine of Siena. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Traveller's Joy. Compiled by W. G. Waters. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Underwood, J. L. The Women of the Confederacy. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Westcott, Brooke Foss. Saint Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Whisperings from the Great. Compiled by Constance A. Meredyth. Henry Frowde.

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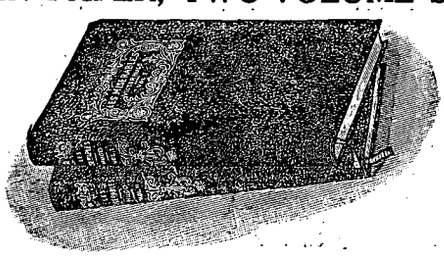

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